

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1865.

REV. THOMAS CARLTON, D. D.

BY REV. JOHN M. REID, D. D.

IN the year 1824 Rev. John Copeland, then a member of the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, traveled a circuit which embraced Buffalo, then a mere village, Niagara Falls, Lockport, and the entire region between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Methodism was in many of these places but little known, and was by many as little esteemed. Church edifices were very rare, and school-houses and private dwellings were the only sanctuaries of this people. Mr. Copeland was a man of genteel exterior and superior diction; his voice was musical, full of rotundity, but most remarkable for pathetic tones, well fitted to convey the melting loveliness of the cross. The preacher was wont to reason his point, and then give rein to an imagination, lively but chastened, till the whole congregation was stirred. Instances have been known under this popular preacher when the masses have unconsciously risen to their feet and stood till the end, drinking in the precious truths so powerfully presented.

One week-day, at an appointment not far from Lockport, he discovered in his congregation a young man apparently about seventeen years of age, with a plain, honest countenance and sturdy, rustic frame. He had evidently come, not, like many, to sneer, but to hear the Word of Life. His mother was a Baptist, and his father, though an honest, industrious man, was not a professing Christian, but both partook of the common prejudices against Methodism. This their son, however, had been seized with an irrepressible curiosity to see and hear this strange people, and had availed himself of this his first opportunity to hear a Methodist preacher. From the moment the sermon

began, the youth was strangely interested and excited. The truths and the style in which they were uttered were just suited to impress his mind and heart. The text was, "Hear ye me, Asa, all Judah, and Benjamin," and the words pierced his soul like sharp arrows. He was aroused to a consciousness that God had a right to be heard, and with a directness and promptitude natural to his character he inclined his ear to his Maker and became a penitent. That night he was accepted of God. Shortly afterward his spiritual father received him on probation and baptized him in the Erie Canal at Lockport, which had just then been opened for navigation. Thus Thomas Carlton became himself one of the despised people.

Rev. Loring Grant was then presiding elder of the district, and observing with interest the exercises of the young man in prayer and speaking, very soon called him out into the more public labors of exhortation and preaching. At the next succeeding Conference he was admitted on trial and sent to Danville circuit. This was in the year 1826. At Groveland he found no church, and such bitter opposition to Methodism that it was difficult to find a place in which to meet. The friends there had projected a meeting-house, but little or nothing had been done toward its erection. Timid and distrustful of his own powers, the youthful preacher besought the aid of his presiding elder in circulating a subscription and carrying on the enterprise. Elder Grant, with the territory of a modern Conference for a district, had no time for such details, and the young itinerant was left to his own resources. He at once formed the indomitable purpose that the work should be done, and before another Sabbath had passed he was engaged in hauling lumber for the purpose, and before yet another week this people were worshipping upon the spot. The enterprise was a complete success, and this

gave to Mr. Carlton a self-reliance which, accompanied by uncommon sagacity and perseverance, has made him ever since distinguished in like enterprises of the Church.

By these and other useful traits of character he rose rapidly into public favor, filling some of the most important posts of the Conference, such as Lima, Rochester, Canandaigua, and Buffalo, besides completing several terms in the presiding eldership and serving in important financial agencies for the Conference.

It may have been in the year 1835, on motion of Rev. Glezen Fillmore, that incipient steps were taken by the Conference for the establishment of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, and Mr. Carlton was approached for a subscription to the enterprise. He was not worth a dollar in the world, but with his whole soul beating high for something to elevate his beloved, adopted Methodism, he subscribed one hundred dollars. He did it firmly relying upon Providence to help him pay it. A day or two afterward, an acquaintance having discovered his business tact, invoked his help in the sale of a farm. Believing the property exceedingly cheap and very salable, Mr. Carlton at once bought it, agreeing to make the payments at what he thought, safe intervals, and then proceeded to find a purchaser on his own account. This he soon did, and at an advance which paid his subscription and left a "nest egg" of quite encouraging amount. Mr. Carlton has always believed that God was in that opportunity, rewarding him for his reliant liberality. The writer has often heard him say that he believed that subscription of one hundred dollars was the foundation of all his earthly possessions.

These peculiar abilities Mr. Carlton consecrated to the interest of the Church, and wherever he was appointed, either as preacher or presiding elder, every material interest of the Church assumed remarkable activity. Churches were built or remodeled, debts canceled, parsonages obtained, missionary collections increased, and pastoral support improved. Some of the statistics on this subject, did our article allow them, would be replete with interest and instruction. He was every-where striving to improve the architecture of our Church edifices, to elevate the style of our worship by securing tasteful music, to raise the standard of education both among laity and ministry; in a word, to increase the moral power of Methodism by increasing its social influence. It was the department for which he was most eminently fitted, and most faithfully he devoted himself to it.

The prominence he gave to this department of his labor has led many to associate his efforts with the mere secularities of the Church. But those who knew him best at that time remember how fervent were his appeals and prayers, and that gracious revivals attended this prosperity of the secular affairs of the Church. The writer was at a later period for two years his neighbor and the pastor of his family. During this time God was pleased to enter his home with converting grace to several of his household. The soul of Dr. Carlton responded promptly to these divine favors, and night after night, when the toils of the Book Room were past, he labored at our side in prayer and preaching with tears and with triumph. We shall never fail to think of him as a true minister of the Lord Jesus, with a heart burning for the glory of the Redeemer's kingdom in all its departments.

With such a history none will be surprised that at the General Conference of 1852 he was chosen principal Book Agent at New York, or that he has been continued in the office for so long a period, and has met with success so distinguished. For all the period of his book agency he has been Treasurer of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and the wonderful manner in which its fiscal credit was sustained during the terrible revulsion of 1857 is still fresh in the memory of the Church. Few men of business of New York are deemed more sagacious or reliable than our Book Agent, as his several positions in the Board of Direction of financial institutions clearly testify. Such talents could not have been so long employed in this way without personal advantage, and Dr. Carlton is, perhaps not without reason, esteemed as moderately opulent.

Such a man would necessarily be potential in the councils of the Church. He may, without disparagement to others, be said to rank first in his own Conference, and in the General Conference he has always been recognized as one of the molding minds. Yet he seldom speaks upon debated questions. A few direct, clear, and telling observations upon business in which he has some special interest is about all that is heard. Yet such is his influence that he has been often suspected and even charged with securing ends with which his intimate friends have known he was in no wise connected. In ecclesiastical matters he has always ranked as a strict conservative, and, though heartily supporting the Government, yet labors, we believe, under the illusion that radicalism has brought about all our national

disasters. Yet his heart is free from political animosity of any kind, as the writer can evidence by his own long and precious intimacy with him, when, in ecclesiastical bodies, on the agitated questions of the day, his own response "ay" or "no" has almost invariably been offset by an opposite response from Dr. Carlton. Thank God, our errors will one day be all rectified, and, one in mind as well as heart, we shall dwell in the unclouded splendors of everlasting truth.

As a preacher Dr. Carlton can hardly be said to possess the highest gifts of an orator. With a strong, clear voice and a seemingly careless diction, he proceeds in a plain and practical way to unfold his subject. He never stops for ornament, keeps what imagination he has well-nigh completely under foot, and seems only bent on speaking good, round common-sense. Now and then he will throw in an incident usually of personal experience, but telling directly on his subject. As he advances he generally warms with his theme, becomes more rapid and vehement in his utterances, and decidedly impressive. You feel that you are listening to a sensible man in earnest about the matter before you. The congregations of New York city, and, indeed, of the denomination, never regret the appearance of Dr. Carlton in the pulpit, yet he is not the man, in modern phrase, "to draw." Of late we have thought his missionary addresses were of much higher type than we have described as belonging to his sermons. Some that we have heard were eloquent and powerful. We remember an instance when, with world-renowned orators on the same platform, he concededly bore off the palm. Dr. Carlton is generous and high-minded, quick to perceive an advantage, and tireless in the pursuit of an object. His chief ambition is to see Methodism in the van of God's conquering hosts. He is a substantial, practical preacher, and his footprints in Zion will not soon be effaced. Not a hair upon his head, bears the marks of age, and scarcely a furrow is on his cheek. He is in the very fullness of his strength.

Such is as faithful a sketch of the one whose likeness embellishes the present number as the limited material at hand would permit. Inserted as all is without his knowledge, and friends upon whom we had relied for material having failed us, we have depended mainly upon personal reminiscences, which in some instances may not be perfect in accuracy. We shall need the charity of our readers, and somewhat tremble as we think of our next meeting with our friend Dr. Carlton.

RELIGION ON THE PLANTATION.

BY MISS LIZZIE BATES.

DURING the Fall of 1859, while slowly recovering from a fearful attack of fever in New Orleans, I was induced by the persuasion of friends to pass a few months with Mrs. Wills, an old friend of our family, whose friendship had been tendered me with as much warmth of heart as though personally known to her.

Weak and worn as I was, I did not feel equal to go among strangers, and should have refused entirely but for the urgent-pleading physician, "It will be just the thing for you; you must go." Feeling the confidence of a little child, both in his knowledge and goodness, I made no further delay. Tenderly they lifted me in their arms on board the "Quitman," that was to take us up the Mississippi. It was a bright, beautiful day, and as I lay on the sofa in the splendid saloon, it seemed strange that they should take me among strangers, with no more of physical force than I then had; and shutting down my eyelids, I thought of the college; it would open with the next week, and that was why they were so anxious to send me away. I knew that before, and but for the doctor would not have yielded; he had talked to me so kindly about persisting in doing what I was not able to do, when perhaps another path was opening where I could do just as much good.

Borne down with my own thoughts I paid little heed to those around me, and was only awakened from my dreamy reverie by my friend whispering in my ear,

"We are almost there; think you can make the effort to rise?"

It was an effort; but I shook off the gloomy feeling and sat up. The sun was nearly down, the last red rays slanting in through the stained glass of the small windows lay at my feet in all their loving warmth. What right had I to be sad? I believed in a Father's love—in a Savior's constant care. How many times had I tried to impress this upon others; and now I was feeling as though I believed it not, murmuring that I was too weak for my regular college duties, and insisting like a sick child in having my own will, unmindful that He knew best. Frightened, I began to see how I had passed the day. Instead of being thankful that my life had been spared through that terrible yellow fever, I had been wretched, miserable, the tears rolled down my cheeks and dripped over my long, thin fingers, while a silent prayer went up for strength, and leaning on His love I felt a sweet content stealing over me. No

longer selfish and desponding, I took a cheerful good-by of those on board, and once more felt myself borne in their stalwart arms to the shore. Mrs. Mills's carriage was in waiting, and as we slowly wound up the old avenue, bordered with magnolia-trees, it seemed to me I had never seen any thing half as lovely. Huge bars of gold slanting through the rift of green leaves, and mellowing the short, crisp grass underneath, while the mocking-birds in the orange groves were pouring forth songs of gushing tenderness.

Mrs. Mills, with her two daughters and some half a dozen of her black family, were on the veranda to receive me; and what a loving welcome! Words can not describe it, nor the thankfulness of my heart, as I felt myself clasped in her warm embrace. Such a feeling of rest as they drew me into the beautiful room they had appropriated to my use, and where Hannah and Rose waited my pleasure, all the while talking in a cheerful, quiet way; and before I was half aware of it my wrappings had been laid aside, and I, soothed and quieted by their gentle manipulations, was sinking into a sleep as refreshing as it was new to me.

From that night my return to health was gradual but steady, and by Christmas I was strong enough to ride, walk, and enjoy all the social intercourse of a family in many respects singularly happy.

Never before being on a plantation, there was much that was novel; and while the family gave me an affection that had both strength and healing in it, the blacks were no less considerate, and never did my heart go out with a truer feeling than to those honest-hearted creatures, who seemed never to be willing to stop doing, so anxious were they to see me well and strong again. Mrs. Mills was a widow, a quiet, gentle lady, with a latent energy that had surprised her best friends even; for since her husband's death she had managed his business so skillfully that not only was every thing in usual order, but she considerably enlarged her acres, introducing what modern improvements she could well do; and though she held a firm rein as far as order and rule was necessary, she was still kind and humane, not exacting overmuch, and caring for her dependents more like a mother than a mistress.

As her family was large she had usually kept a chaplain, and there was a large barn-like tenement called "the church," where they met on Sundays, and occasionally evenings in the week. For the last six months they had been without a minister, and I was surprised one bright Sabbath morning by a request through

Jackson, the leader of their religious gatherings, asking would I read and talk to them in the evening, they would be so happy, etc. This was seconded by aunt Prue, an old white-headed African, so old that Mrs. Mills could not remember when she looked much younger. She had not done any thing for years, save to sit in her cabin, and the Testament and hymn-book were her chief delight. Such a simple request I had no heart to refuse, and the evening found me with Kate, the youngest daughter, a girl of rare promise, of about thirteen years old, at the door of the church, where some two hundred souls had collected to hear words of instruction from that blessed Book, that many of them loved, but none could read.

I shall never forget the intense silence as I took my seat at the little pine table, covered with a green cloth, standing in the middle of the room. More coming, however, Jackson was obliged to move it to the side, where all could command an equal view of the reader. The opening hymn I shall never forget, nor the fervency with which it welled up from the heart, aunt Prue keeping time by weaving backward and forward in her chair, and the whole joining with a feeling that was worship, though the music sometimes overleaped the prescribed measure. Then the prayer, and though simple, as the words must have been, there was the pervading feeling of His presence—a nearness like talking face to face with a friend, pouring out our wants and claiming the precious promises vouchsafed to those who ask believing. When it closed Kate was in tears, while several of the black women were sobbing vehemently.

For the reading—the last chapter of Matthew, the life and death of the blessed Savior. Often as I had read it I never yet felt the sacred awe, the dread reality, as seated there, the house full of strange, dark, human figures, their eyes fixed upon me with a look of intensity that made me shudder, and their heart drinking in the sad history with an unquestioning eagerness. The whole service was deeply impressive, and at the close they pressed around me, each to shake hands, and "God bless you, young mistus; you come agin next Sunday."

"Will you be careful during the week and live as those who believe in the reality of what I have just read; not only believe, but love this same precious Savior, who loves us all, both black and white, and who has commanded us to follow him independent of the circumstances in which we are placed?"

"There shall be no fault with us if yer'll come next Sunday."

"I'll come," and they opened a path to the door, aunt Prue walking beside us to her cabin.

"Thank the Lord, this has been a good day to aunt Prue. Bress the Lord, O my soul!"

"I suppose you have had a good many days like this, aunt Prue?"

"No, mistus, can 't say that I have; the bressed Spirit seemed with us in full power; poor old Prue can't expect many more such days; her time 's pretty near gone."

"You are all ready, auntie?"

"Bress you, mistus, I 'se been waitin' ever so long; it 'pears like he 'll never send."

"You must not be impatient; there may be something for you to do for him."

"If old mistus and the children only loved the bressed Jesus, old Prue would have nothing more to do; her work all done."

The next Sabbath all were out, and if possible more quiet and decorous than the preceding. Before I commenced the reading I became conscious of the presence of some one whom I had not seen. The outside door was partly open, and in the cleft with his slouched hat drawn over his face, his attitude one of earnestness, sat the overseer.

Mr. Benton was from New England, bringing with him the industrious habits and thrift of that section, but very far, if rumor said truly, from imbibing the upright and correct principles of his fathers.

The story of the Prodigal Son was then read, and this man, so strong in seeming manliness, was weak as a little child. Was there any thing in this history alike to his own? Be this as it may, the tears rained over his bronzed cheek, and for a time he seemed swayed by an uncontrolled emotion.

As soon as service was closed, he came forward directly. I had not seen him before, but thinking he wished to speak to me, held out my hand. He took it, and the tears rolled down his cheek as he said,

"That is just my case. I was tired of home and its restraints; to work constantly did not suit me. I wanted to be my own man—to look out for myself. One bright moonlight night I gathered up the little that I could carry in a handkerchief and stole out of the back-door, and here I am"—he was crying like a child.

"That is not all," I said; "you wanted to be freed from the restraint of home, the loving care of a tender, watchful mother; but you thought to throw aside the acknowledgment of your mother's God even, and hoped to find a place where he was not."

"That is true," while his face paled to a deathly whiteness; "but he has followed me, and this Winter it has seemed that I should die when I thought of all that I made that dear mother to suffer—my father, too, and my sweet little sisters. I was all the boy they had."

"If you feel so badly because you have broken the hearts of your parents, how do you feel with regard to that precious Savior who so loved you that he left his home, suffered, died on the cross to redeem you, to save you, to bring you back to the home of your parents—to the house of your God?"

"I have been so wicked, you can't know, miss. I fear it is too late."

"But God knows just how wicked you have been, and the precious Savior died for sinners. You remember the dying thief; it was not too late for him, though his breath was nearly gone; the precious blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Whosoever will, let him come. It is not too late if you will only come."

"If I will only come—why, where else can I go? and if he refuse me I am lost."

"Look to the Savior as he bends over you with unutterable tenderness; the dear, loving words, 'Come unto me;' 'Whosoever will, let him come.' He does not limit; he means it for sinners just like you, who have done and thought every manner of evil. Will you come, come now? The precious one is here; kneel and tell him your willingness."

Hardly conscious of the many who had lingered, we all kneeled, and while our words were broken by sobs and ejaculations, they were heard by Him who had pity upon human agony. While my thoughts had been so entirely occupied with the one earnest seeker before me, I had almost forgotten Kate, and was only recalled by the sweet child flinging her arms about my neck—"I am so happy; he is my Savior, too."

"My precious child, kneel and thank him for his goodness."

It was not the first time that Kate had prayed, but it was the first occasion on which she had felt that he was reconciled; that her sins were forgiven—her burden gone. It was a sweet, earnest, childlike prayer, and went directly to the bosom of the tender, loving Savior.

"Bress the Lord for this day, if old mistus was only here!" and aunt Prue was still on her knees, while Jackson and some half a dozen others occupied the corners. Our time was more than up; the sun was nearly gone; still Mr. Benton kneeled. I dismissed the others, and once more kneeling beside him, while Kate

on the other side threw her little arm over his shoulder and whispered in his ear,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that the Savior died for me."

What I said I can't remember; I only saw the cross, the blessed Jesus, and, clinging to it, asked for mercy. We were guilty, he was pure; we were suffering, he could save. Tenderly his arms were outstretched to us, the very hands that had been nailed to the cross. There were the prints; we put our fingers there; and as we reached up our hands we felt the clasp of his warm embrace.

"What condescension! what love! I seem to see him and to feel his presence. Is it real, or am I dreaming?" were the first words of Mr. Benton.

"It is real; the Savior is here; you are not dreaming. Only say that you will love, that you will follow him."

"I will, Miss Kate. My mother's God shall be my God. This day have I made a covenant with him that shall not be broken."

"Bless God for that, master, bless the Lord."

That night the matter of the meeting was the principal topic in all the gatherings, both in the cabins and in several of the dwellings of the immediate neighbors. Still there was nothing of ill sprang out of it. Mrs. Mills was well known, and her overseer one that would not permit insubordination.

Days passed; our Sabbath meetings were the same as ever, while at the evening gatherings the overseer led them in prayer instead of Jackson. This was a new phase to Mrs. Mills. She did not quite understand it, though she said nothing, going about with a quick eye to discover if there was any wrong or neglect. This she did not find. Never had there been so little complaint as during the last Winter, never so much harmony. She could find no plan, and, being a sensible woman, began to analyze the matter thoroughly. She did not begin this with her hands idle; she did it as she did every thing else—beginning at the beginning, taking her Bible and reading hour after hour from its sacred pages. As she read, something was recalled; she felt once more a little child; the pressure of her mother's hand was on her head. She heard the little prayer always repeated before she slept by that gentle woman; and she shuddered as she thought of the dark days between. Her husband had been taken from her; two darling little boys lay close beside him. She had not given them willingly; she had said it was unjust that they

were taken from her. The dear Jesus had need of them. She turned her back upon the precious One, she would not know him. From that moment she gave herself to the cares of her household with an energy born of agony, and longing for something to do to help battle down her grief. Now she sees it, but blindly gropes; she will not turn, she will do any thing but that.

The early flowers were breaking through the yielding earth, when one morning I was awakened some hours earlier than usual, and, with many apologies, Rose gave me to understand that a black child on a neighboring plantation had died during the night and was to be buried this morning. The parents had once or twice been to our Sunday meetings, and would I come over, read a chapter, and make a prayer. I hesitated a moment, fearful the master of the plantation would not like it. Soon a message came from Mrs. Mills that if I felt a desire to gratify them I should go, there would be no difficulty. I went down with Rose, opening and shutting doors very carefully, but Kate was before me.

"My child, this is too early for you," and I would have persuaded her to remain at home. There was no withstanding her sweet caresses, and I assented.

They had brought but one horse. I quickly mounted, and Kate took her seat beside me. We were soon there, and never did I feel such an awe. The black family had all assembled, as many as could come in entering, the rest standing at the door and windows. There was no noise, not a loud-spoken word. The women had made some attempt at mourning, while on a little white table was the coffin, and in it an infant of a few months robed in a dress of white muslin, a few flowers in her hand, and bearing all the marks of a tender, loving care. I knew their time was limited; the child must be buried and the mourners to their work by a given signal. Standing at the head of the coffin, with the little dead face full in view, I stammered through with the service. It was a strange spectacle; the tall, grim figures, silent, respectful, their old, torn hats in their hands, and the tears running down their ebony faces.

Reverently they took leave of their dead, and the little coffin was borne to its place. Slowly Kate and I rode home; our words were low, for the tears were there. It seemed to us both that we were nearer heaven that morning than ever before. Alas! one of us was so near that she never came wholly back.

In one week from that day Kate sickened. There was not much notice taken of it; she

only drooped and was quiet. At night there came a physician; he said, "A few simple remedies, and the next day she would probably be as well as ever." He was a man of science and of skill; had known Kate from a child, but was baffled here. All night he tried to save her, but her work was done. Scarcely had the dawn touched the eastern hills when she roused herself, looked up, and reached out her arms, as though she really saw a host gathering about her, and was eager to go. Our eyes were dim, we could not see, we only knew that Kate was gone.

Such agony I never knew. Closely the mother kept her room; the little body was dressed for the grave; she had not seen it since Death had set his seal upon it. I was summoned.

"I must see Kate, and here I can't rise."

Silently the little coffin was borne across the hall, and the door was shut—the mother with her dead. For a half hour the clergyman was there and the friends waiting. I opened the door softly; the mother, in her long, white dress, with her tangled black hair thrust back from her brow, was kneeling by the sleeper, her tear-wet cheek pressed close to the dear, dead face.

"My child, my precious baby, how can I give you up!"

I slid down beside her. "God loves a cheerful giver."

"I know it; I see it all now—she was too good for me, I must give her back."

"And with the gift your own heart. Kate loved the Savior; will you not give yourself to him and serve and follow closely? It will not be long till you will be called to stand before him. Will you not do it? Will you not decide now before this sweet face is shut from your view? Let Kate's pure spirit carry up her mother's heart to the throne of God."

There was silence a moment, and then the audible words, "I will love, serve, obey him from this time till death."

One more kiss, the door closed, the stricken heart could not bear more. Her dead was carried forth to the burial and laid beside the bodies of her father and infant brothers.

Weeks passed, and I went out from that home, leaving earnest, happy hearts, content to work and wait. Years have gone; our paths have widely diverged. Of all that we loved but few are left to us. Still one Friend is ours, dearer than any other, and his words so sweetly uttered—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"—remain for our comfort and support. Our trust is in Him.

FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST.

BY REV. WILLIAM C. WINSLOW.

THERE is a friendship of everlasting duration, unalloyed by the flight of years, untouched by human caprice, perfect and pure, pertaining to the perfected state of sinless spirits, and which finds its home in heaven. It is a friendship which has no share in mortality and sin, but an abiding love and sure reward. There is one Friend that is closer, nearer, dearer than a brother or any earthly relationship. That Friend is the world's greatest and best friend. His friendship is incomparably above that of any human being that has existed or that can exist. Wherein differs this friendship, so amazing and peerless, from any thing human?

It is freely offered to all. Wealth, talent, poverty, humble gifts may enjoy it. Christ is a friend to all who receive his fellowship and accept his love. How different with human friendships! Precisely the reverse of the free and spontaneous relation which the Savior would sustain toward all men. Such is man that of necessity his friendships are limited both as to time and space. None but Christ could offer this gift to all men.

It is without selfishness or policy. Not in expectation of adequate return or any advantage does Christ make his gracious proposals, for how shall the finite reward the infinite? The policy of earth has no place in the pure affections of the Redeemer, for it belongs not to the nature of a sinless being. This love, so open to all, is destitute of earthly deformities and sinful minglings. Precious friendship! It hath no manner of guile or stain. Whiter than the snow of Winter, fresher than the air of Spring, it hath yet a more than Summer warmth and influence upon the heart. "He first loved us." But we may love him in return. How poor a return! The richest love of man is nothing beside the riches of the Divine love.

It is unchanging. The nature of Christ is unchangeable; he is the same being yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. The eternal God is eternal in all his attributes. When, therefore, Christ pledges us his friendship, and we are received of him, we know that that friendship shall endure forever. The gracious arms are about us, never to unloose their hold; we are to abide forever under their protection.

It is self-sacrificing. Herein differs this from human friendships, that the one is wholly and absolutely of a self-sacrificing kind, while the

other is not. How infinitely great were the Divine passions, and how glorious a redemption opened unto us! Was not Calvary a self-sacrifice, one beyond our calculations and highest thoughts? By that "cross and passion" came the saving love of Christ for us, and the friendship which will enable us to endure faithfully unto the end and welcome us to the blessings of heaven.

But the grand and all-important characteristic of Christ's friendship relates to our eternal welfare. It is all-sufficient. He is sufficient, but we are insufficient. "Our sufficiency is of God." Thus spoke St. Paul, who was caught up to the third heavens and heard wonderful things which he could not utter. He had previously received the gracious assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee." That declaration was for all men and all time. Through the centuries it has breathed its efficacy, and we receive it as it passes on to coming time. Martyrs have heard anew those words; faltering pilgrims have caught the spirit of their inspiration; the dying Christian is sustained again by the comforting language; the earthward penitent is lifted up and beholds the bow of promise in the heavens of his hope when he receives to his heart the grace that is sufficient to save. Millions have found it all-sufficient; but angels, saints, Christians can never exhaust it. Receive, one and all, this exhaustless, ceaseless grace. Let it kindle our souls, inspire with hope, and finally be sufficient for us at the judgment hour.

LIFE AT TWO SCORE.

HOW real life becomes to us as we grow older! How terribly in earnest we get! Things that used to seem of immense consequence at twenty have small hold on us, to be sure, at forty. We no longer spend hours of anxious thought in deciding on the color of neck-ties and the comparative merits of waist-coats. We are done long ago with

"Sighing and crooning of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window-panes;"

we are not exercised in mind about sleigh-rides and dancing-parties. But life has become full of graver cares. Bonnybell is transformed into a sober matron now, and there are breakfast, dinner, and supper to be provided for her and her children, rent to be paid, clothes to be bought, and when all these daily wants are satisfied, other cares lie in wait for the man of forty. The rainy day—type of old age, and

sickness and failing powers—is to provide for. The children are to be started in the world. Some sharp pain, perhaps, gives warning of hidden disease lurking round the citadel of life, an ambushed foe, ready to seize the strong man's house at the first unguarded moment. Sad thoughts plow furrows in the sober, middle-aged face. Will this speculation turn out well? What if those stocks that have fallen twenty per cent. never come up again? What if labor be so plenty that wages go down? The simple means of maintaining a respectable existence are not forthcoming without weary toil and anxious thought.

Then, too, from this sober stand-point of middle age, one has a range of vision quite unknown to youth. At twenty the life stretching out before one seems almost interminable—a space in which will be room for every kind of adventure and success. To-morrow, we say, shall be as this day, and much more abundant. But double the years, and the coming time looks short. Whatever fruit grows on the boughs of our tree of life we must gather quickly or not at all. We indulge in no more visions of impossible bliesses. We know now that we shall never find the roe's egg or the golden water. No fairy will give us a coat with money in the pockets as inexhaustible as the oil in the widow's cruse. Our anticipations are more moderate. Yet we think none the less eagerly of the good that still remains for us. Our impatience burns in secret with a fiercer flame than of old. "Now or never," we say to ourselves as we think of the great prizes of life for which we still wait. We begin to work earnestly "while the day lasts," for we already see in the gray distance the shadow of the coming night.

It is time to study the art of growing old gracefully. Why should we forget that we were young once? Why look cross at the dancers because our own steps are no longer light upon the floor? We are fortunate if children are growing up at our fireside. Brave boys and merry girls will link us with that youth which has slipped away from us. We live our lives over again in them, share their anxieties, and triumph in their success, and the calm pleasures of forty are not quite put to shame by the gay eagerness of twenty.

WHEN the tongue is silent and dares not speak, there may be a look, a gesture, an innuendo that stabs like the stiletto, and is more fatal than the poison of the asp.

THE PROTESTANT ERA.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

THE sixteenth century was the birth-age and cradle of Protestantism. All modern culture, all civilization and progress date from that great historic age and fact. Before the advent of Luther the human mind was in chains, and the human destiny seemed as if it were linked indissolubly to Catholicism, with no prospect and no hope beyond that limited system of thought and government. I use this word "limited" in its mental, not its geographical signification, for it is notorious that Rome held previously to that period all the world in its hands, and had so held it for upward of a thousand years. She was the great conservative mother of society and civilization during the whole of that recorded time. Without her, and cut adrift from the great ideas of humanity and religion which she promulgated and embodied in sacred institutions, I, for one, can not so much as imagine how, after the dismemberment of the Roman empire, the wild, chaotic elements of European society could ever have been molded into form and held together as communities. Feudalism was the natural, inevitable shape of those early associations of life and government. The baron was lord of the serfs, the king was lord of the barons, and the Pope was lord of all.

He achieved this authoritative position not by force of arms, but of ideas. He represented the Christ that died to save these men and all men to the end of the world. His character was sacred, his mission of the highest import and concern to the whole human race, and gave him a power and an influence which have never attached to any mere secular magistrate. The secret of this mastery lay, as I said, in the humanizing tendency of the doctrine and exhortation of the priests, whose head and chief the Pope was. At the bottom of these stalwart, blue-eyed savages of early Europe there lay folded and undeveloped the great religious nature, upon which as upon some virgin soil of the prairie, these priests had to labor with plow and harrow in order to prepare it for the sacred seed which they had garnered from the cornfields of the Lord of life on the plains of Palestine. They spoke at once, and with a personal emphasis, to this deep, underlying nature, and finally woke it up and quickened it with all its wonder and mystery.

It was to them the revelation of a new life and a new destiny, and it was natural enough

that the priests who thus linked them with the infinite and the eternal and kept the keys of death and hell, of immortality and life, should be regarded with feelings of awe and reverence, and assigned the first rank among the thrones of human power and authority. Accordingly, we find that this is the leading fact in European history; and looking over the mighty and far-stretching record through all its ramifications, we discover that the priests, through their Catholic system, exercised this power on the whole for the highest service of mankind.

They opposed to the tyrannical will of the barons and their power, so often cruelly used, over the lives of the serfs the will and command of the Savior that all men should be free, that superiors should be merciful and just to inferiors, and that for the deeds done in the body rewards and punishment should be visited upon the soul in the eternal world. This sublime idea of an immortal life, of an undying personality continuing the drama of mortality upon the theaters of immortality in perpetual happiness or perpetual misery, must have been an awful and appalling revelation to these stolid barbarians who had been so long accustomed to obey their own instincts and passions. A penal stop was suddenly put to all this, and to the cruel treatment with which it was their custom to treat their vassals. After the establishment of Christianity no one of them could do with impunity what the French *souzeraine* did every day on his return from the chase—refresh his weary feet, that is to say, in the bowels of one of his serfs. By slow degrees the condition not only of the serfs, but of the whole of society, became ameliorated by the influence and teachings of Christianity. Always the priests were on the side of the oppressed, and their voices were raised on behalf of the poor and the needy. It was through them, indeed—that is to say, through the direct action of the Christian law upon the heads of the nations—that slavery was finally abolished in feudal Europe, although many other important influences, working unceasingly in the direction of human freedom, such as trade, commerce, the arts and manufactures, contributed their share in bringing about this immense consummation to the principles of truth and justice.

In the earlier ages of her history, when Christianity was a living thing, and, to a greater or less extent, permeated all ranks and classes of society, the religious houses of Europe were the schools of the entire people as well as the temples of their worship. Religion

has always been on the side of progress; and, indeed, there can be no such thing as progress without religion. It is always the Divine Idea which quickens, vivifies, and inspires a nation, and gives to its civilization the form and presence of nobility and beauty. Every institution that survives the wrack of time is based upon some great truth of God. Not a book in any literature that the ages pass along from the antiquities to the living present but is steeped in religion and veneration. The very duration of a people depends upon the amount of religious truth that is absorbed in its life. The nearer we get to the source of all truth and righteousness, the more happy and blessed we are, and the greater will be our objective manifestations in all the forms of civility, in all the shows of literature and philosophy. The priests of old understood this well enough, and they enlisted to the service of the sanctuary all the existing arts and talents. Those mighty cathedrals—epic poems in immortal stone—which repose so grandly on the soil of Europe, and are the only monuments ever built by man to God's honor and service which began to approach the immeasurable circle of his worthiness, could never have been conceived and fashioned in any other than religious ages. How sublime they are! What hints of the infinite do they flash over the soul! What hints, also, of the immense possibilities of man! Every stone is cemented in the love of God, and they look as if they were built for eternity.

These, as I said, were the schools of the people. Here they were taught to reverence art as the ever-beautiful spirit that leads with a gentle hand to the presence of the divine. They adorned the walls with cartoons and frescos, and features representative of the Christian story and tradition. The windows were illuminated with pictured passages in the life of Jesus and his apostles, the chancel was decorated with rich carvings in wood and stone, and all along the side aisles lay in effigies of black marble the founders, the patrons, and the holy men belonging to these houses. It was a religious teaching throughout. No one could enter those sublime sanctuaries without feeling the fiery wings of inspiration hovering over his soul. His word and spirit were enlarged and exalted in the presence of those mighty armies of pillars and arches, that majestic, storied roof, fretted with golden fire, the immensity of the nave, the dim, religious mystery of the side aisle, the overwhelming majesty of the stupendous tower, to whose topmost height the worshiper could gaze unobstructed

from below, and thus be prepared insensibly by sensuous objects for the reception of those arcane yet ever-open and free ideas and truths of which all this harmonious masonry and glorious art were the embodiment.

They taught the people also by music. They married divine truth to the immortal melody, and ravished both the heart and soul of the worshiper. God speaks to man and reveals himself to him in the fascinations of the organ, in the vast seas of the billowy music which come from its golden lips. Add to all this the ceremonial of that sublime worship, its symbols and imagery—which, although now degraded into the trick and craft of a mere political order, were once pregnant with celestial meanness—and you will then have the completion of the Christian picture.

No one can doubt for a moment that these things exercised a most important influence in the civilization of Europe and the consequent freedom of the people from vassalage. The church and the castle often faced each other on the fronts of opposite heights, and always the former was the check and the teacher of the latter, and the savior of society.

But as worldliness, and mammon, and unrighteousness grew strong in the earth, so did the sorrowful, divine eyes of Christ suffuse themselves with tears, as aforetime on the hills of Jerusalem over that city, and he abandoned the once holy fanes, temples, and altars, and they were given up to the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life. History furnishes us with a no more dreadful picture of moral profligacy than that which immediately preceded the Reformation in England. Religion was dead, the priests were abominably impure, the nuns, once sacred sisters whose only spouse was the blessed Savior, were changed into harlots, and the ecclesiastical courts were mere licensing-places for the impunity of every conceivable crime.

Those who desire to pursue this hideous inquiry further will find it fully set forth in the pages of Mr. Froude's History of England, being really a history of the Reformation. For, as always happens when a nation's cup of iniquity is full, God makes himself manifest, and sends forth his executioners and evangelists to end the old and bring in the new ordination. So he sent Luther to do the work of the executioner, and bravely he accomplished his mission. He gave us a new field to fight in for the freedom of the human race. Protestantism means freedom—the right of the human soul to think and act for itself without Pope to tell it what it should believe and do. It is, properly

speaking, not a religious but an intellectual rebellion in favor of religion and against authority—against all human authority. It means universal freedom of thought.

What a mighty impetus it has given to civilization, to art, science, philosophy, and to human progress generally let the last four hundred years testify. Let the English commonwealth, the English Reform Bill speak. Let America with her young, beautiful, and brave republic speak! For these are some of the showings, although they are but the beginnings of the wondrous history that is to be.

DORCAS.

BY JULIA DAY.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Stephen, Philip preached in all the cities from Azotus to Cæsarea. Dorcas lived in Joppa, and it is probable that she was one of those who received his teaching, since her death occurred but three or four years after this. However this may be, she was one of the early converts to Christianity before they were yet called Christians.

Only a few saints at Jerusalem then owned the Crucified as their Redeemer, and they had just been dispersed, and were liable to imprisonment or death. Yet when convinced that Jesus was the Son of God, and that he had risen from the dead, how prompt was Dorcas in accepting the reviled and persecuted man of sorrows for her Savior! How cheerfully she united with that sect every-where spoken against! By so doing she lost the good opinion of her associates and the approbation of many dear friends.

Dorcas is an example of active Christian liberality. The zeal with which she performed one act of benevolence did not serve as an excuse for neglecting another. She did not suffer a single work or even a particular class of works to monopolize her sympathies.

"This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did." She was, then, not merely the patron saint of sewing-circles, though, doubtless, a good one, and a reproof to those ladies whose benevolence is satisfied with giving cast-off clothing for others to remodel. Such benevolence clothes little girls in shabby finery and little boys in threadbare garments, which fall to pieces before the second Sunday; but the coats and garments which the widows held up before Peter were not, probably, of this description.

How much courage and perseverance Dorcas needed to continue her self-appointed tasks, week after week and month after month, in spite of all discouragements which she must have met! There is no doubt that in some instances her almsgiving had to be frequently repeated. On going to or returning from the place of worship perhaps she sometimes caught sight of a little urchin covered with clothing which she well remembered, but which, though yet new and capable of being washed, appeared but little better than the dirty rags which it was given to displace. Perhaps the very person to whom she had given food in sickness wasted part of their next earnings to patronize some strolling soothsayer. But she was not discouraged. While she strove to teach cleanliness, prudence, and every virtue by her advice and her influence, and sometimes rejoiced at the results of her efforts, she was yet encouraged by her motives and her faith much more than by her visible success. Hers was never a tardy and reluctant action, forced upon her by the continued appeals of conscience. She was prompt, or she could never have become noted for the constant performance of good works.

She who clothes the needy is not prone to neglect the sick. When any one connected with that little band of believers was suffering from disease Dorcas was there, welcomed not only for her sympathy with the afflicted, but for the influence of her cheerful piety. But the mystery is how she could do all this. In our day the cares of social life are so engrossing that many with most benevolent intentions never find time to put them in practice. Such a woman, hearing accidentally of some case which awakens sympathy, intends to learn in what way she can render assistance; but there is some work which first claims attention. After that has been completed, when she has spent an hour or two in selecting some trifle to complete a fancy toilet, when she has passed an evening in some social gathering by an invitation which she could not decline, at last she finds her assistance too late, or concludes that the time for offering it is past.

What could even Dorcas have done under such circumstances? It was well for her that, when she became a Nazarene, she renounced her claim to respectability in the eyes of an unbelieving world. It is a question whether the same religious zeal would not cause a Christian woman meekly to disregard that popular favor which Dorcas so heartily renounced.

She did not trust in her good works for

salvation, else, keeping aloof from the disciples, she might have performed her almsdeeds in a cool, pharisaical manner, not so likely to diminish her popularity. She might have professed great respect for the maxims of Jesus, and so, complacently taking her place among the liberal-minded, she might never have suffered reproach and shame with those "who called upon the name of the Lord." Even in pursuing this course she might not have approximated very nearly to the character of modern progressive philanthropists. Perhaps the public mind would not then have appreciated the profundity of that theory which makes every man's "objective humanity" the measure of his "subjective divinity." The Christian religion was not old enough to furnish capital for persons who gain notoriety by revising those doctrines which have been the joy and veneration of past ages.

We have no evidence that Dorcas was supplied with that sublime generosity which is indefinite as to its direction and its intensity. She was a thoughtful, warm-hearted woman; when the hopes and desires of her soul took hold on heaven her life was freely given to the friend of sinners, and she found her highest joy in trying to serve his little ones. She was a disciple, a learner from the examples of self-denial given by the Redeemer and his followers.

Was feeding the hungry or clothing the poor the chief glory of her life? Was this the object of her conversion? These outward signs were but fair blossoms, cheering to those who saw the growth of piety; the fruit was gathered into her own heart in lessons of experience and trusting confidence. To the Christian who, like Dorcas, loves to work for God, a single sentence from the lips of Jesus has more authority than the wish of a thousand friends, and is plainly heard above the din of all earth's babbling multitudes. Such a Christian receives on earth "the blessing of him that was ready to perish," and the love of those who love the Savior. When tears fall round the dying saint as they fell round the lifeless form of the loved one at Joppa, God does not always restore health in answer to prayer, but gives instead a better life, and raises up a successor by the powerful influence of the departed, who, "being dead, yet speaketh."

THE man who attempts to measure every body by himself had better trim the pattern very carefully.

FLOWERS FOR THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

THE flowers that flaunt their gorgeous hues,
And gayly spread their silken bloom
Along the garden's trellised walks,
Are not the flowers to grace the tomb.
The tulip, peony, and rose,
Each proudly lifts its radiant head;
But ah, we plant not flowers like those
Upon the bosom of the dead.

It sits upon its stem of green,
The daisy robed in spotless white;
Amid the grass it shines unseen;
Its aureole of silver light,
Its heart of gold so pure and bright,
Are hidden where the soft dews come,
Where breathless winds lie down to sleep
Laden with delicate perfume.

The purple martin circles low,
Its subtle, odorous wealth to crave;
The blue-bird's numbers sweetest flow,
The sun's clear light doth softest glow
Where daisies dress some lonely grave.
The clustering flowers called "innocence,"
Like stars along the meadows set,
That in the early Spring-time come,
Fair sisters of the violet,
Who scarcely raise their soft, white leaves
To catch the sunlight's amber wave,
But cling to earth with loving clasp,
These are the blossoms for the grave.

The zephyr-flower with crimson cheek
Far in the shady wood abides,
Out where the rainbow lichens creep,
In blushing loveliness it hides.
The shy night-winds come home to rest
Soon as the orient day-beams shine,
They whisper to the silver birch,
They deftly stir with lightest touch
The long green needles of the pine,
And thrill by some mysterious power
The ever restless zephyr-flower.
About the head-stone let it cling,
There let the bright wee blossoms ope,
The odors of the woods they bring—
The breath of rose and heliotrope.
No culture and no care they crave,
Fit blossoms these to dress the grave.

Ah, that beneath these northern skies
Might grow the purple *Immortelle*,
With lesson sweet to grace the sod,
And of eternal life to tell!
Its swelling buds would whisper hope,
Its full, unfolded bloom would speak
Of solace to the aching heart,
Of strength and comfort to the weak;
To all of bowers that fadeless bloom
Beyond the shadow of the tomb.

DEATH only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds.

ORIGIN OF POPULAR PHRASES.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

GOOD-BY.—There is hardly a greater perversion of the meaning of a phrase in the English language than is contained in these two words, so often used at the parting of friends, which, in themselves, have no meaning whatever. In olden times it was customary among pious people, when parting from those they loved or respected, to commend them to the protection of God. The phrase in French was "*a Dieu*"—to God—*angelic adieu*—and used by thousands without a knowledge of its meaning. The old English form of expression, "God be with you," a most beautiful phrase when taking leave of a friend, is discarded, and "good-by," a most vile corruption of the phrase, has usurped its place.

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.—In the time of Edward VI much of the lands of St. Peter, at Westminster, were seized by his Majesty's ministers and courtiers; but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated toward the repairs of St. Paul's Church. Hence the above phrase.

ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—This expression signifies the giving of an equivalent. Roland and Oliver were two knights famous in romance. The wonderful achievements of the one can only be equaled by those of the other. Hence this popular phrase, spoken by many, few of whom know its origin.

TRUE BLUE.—The first assumption of this phrase was by the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I, and hence it was taken up by the troops of Leslie and Montrose in 1639. The adoption of the color was one of those religious pedantries in which the Covenanters, in a pharisaical observance of the Scriptural letter and the usage of the Hebrews, distinguished themselves. And thus they named their children Habakkuk and Zerubbabel, and their chapels Zion and Ebenezer. They decorated their persons with blue ribbons, because the following sumptuary precept was given in the law of Moses: "Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue." Num. xv, 38.

HE'S CAUGHT A TARTAR.—In some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people, in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, "Captain, halloo there! I've caught a Tartar!" "Fetch him along, then," said the captain. "Ay, but he

won't let me," said the man. Now the fact was, the Tartar had caught the Russian. So when a man thinks to take another in and gets bit himself, we say, "He's caught a Tartar."

MIND YOUR P's AND Q's.—The origin of this phrase is said to have been a call of attention, in the old English ale-houses, to the pints and quarts being scored down against the unconscious and reckless beer-bibbers. Better leave off bibbing, then the p's and the q's may safely be left to mind themselves.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.—Thomas Hobson was a celebrated carrier at Cambridge, England, who, to his employment in that capacity, added the profession of supplying the students with horses. In doing this he made it an unalterable rule that every horse should have an equal proportionate length of time in which to rest, as well as labor, and he always refused to let a horse out of his turn. Hence the saying, "Hobson's choice," this or none.

FOOL'S CAP.—When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I, he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed on the paper used by Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II, having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, Cromwell's Government paper was brought to him. On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it. On being told, he said, "Take it away, I'll have nothing to do with the fool's cap."

UNDER THE ROSE.—This phrase, which implies secrecy, had its origin in the year B. C. 477, at which time Pausanias, the commander of the confederate fleet, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes, for the marriage of his daughter, and subjection of Greece to the Median rule. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazen-house, the roof of which was a garden, forming a bower of roses, so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured "under the rose." It was discovered, however, by a slave, and as the sanctity of the place forbade the Athenians to force the Pausanias out, or to kill him there, they finally walled him in, and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wished to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying *sub rosa* among them, and now among almost all other nations.

OLD DOMINION.—During the Protectorate of Cromwell, the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself

independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, the alarmed Virginians sent a messenger to Charles II, who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return in the ship with the messenger, and become King of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarkation, when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was safely seated on the throne, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Ireland, and Scotland, as an independent member of the empire—a distinct portion of the "Old Dominion." Copper coins of Virginia were issued as late as the reign of George III, which bore on one side the coat-of-arms of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Virginia.

A FEATHER IN HIS CAP.—Among the manuscripts in the British Museum, there are two copies of a curious description of Hungary, which appear to have been written by a military adventurer of the Dalgetty tribe of 1508. The writer, speaking of the inhabitants, whom he describes "of stature and complexion not unlike the poor Irish," says, "It hath been an ancient custom among them that none shall wear a feather but he who hath killed a Turk, to whom it was lawful to show the number he had killed by the number of feathers in his cap."

THE WHITE STONE, Rev. ii, 17.—In primitive times, when traveling was rendered difficult by want of places of public entertainment, hospitality was exercised by private individuals to a very great extent. Persons who had partaken of this hospitality, and those who had practiced it, frequently contracted habits of regard and friendship for each other; and it became a well-established custom, both among the Greeks and Romans, to provide guests with some particular mark, which was handed down from father to son, and insured hospitality and kind treatment wherever it was presented. This mark was usually a small stone or pebble, cut in half, and upon the halves of which the host and the guest mutually inscribed their names, and then interchanged them with each other. The production of this stone was quite sufficient to insure friendship for them and for their descendants, whenever they might have occasion to travel again in the same direction. While it is evident that these stones were required to be privately kept, and the name written on them carefully concealed, lest others should obtain the privileges instead of him for whom they were intended, how natural is the allusion to this custom in the words, "I will

give him to eat of the hidden manna," and having done so, having recognized him as my guest, my friend, "I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving him that receiveth it, a pledge of my friendship, sacred and inviolable, known only to himself."

A LITTLE BLARNEY.—This phrase has its locale on a stone in the vicinity of *Blarney Castle*, an old feudal ruin in Ireland. It is there currently reported, and the reputed facts have been handed down from sire to son, through a succession of generations, that whoever kisses this stone will have a flattering, cajoling tongue. From that moment he is enabled to tell the smoothest and most insinuating lies without a blush. A certain Irish poet has his story about this stone, its remarkable properties, and rare virtues:

"There is a stone there, who ever kisses,
O! he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber
Or become a member of Parliament.
A clever spouter, he'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer, to be let alone;
Do n't hope to hinder him, or bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim to the Blarney Stone."

NO CARDS.—A young lady having learned that the man to whom she was engaged to be married was addicted to card-playing, refused to marry him till he had pledged himself to abandon the habit. When the marriage was announced in the papers, in order that all their acquaintances might know the promising circumstances under which they started, they added to the announcement, "No cards." It has since become an "institution."

A NINE DAYS' WONDER.—The memorable reign of Lady Jane Grey is said to have given rise to this phrase. This lady was proclaimed Queen of England, July 10, 1553, four days after the decease of Edward VI. She relinquished that title and State on the 19th day of the same month, a period of nine days. But she is believed, although reluctantly, to have assumed the royal dignity immediately after Edward's demise. This presumption creates the supposition that her reign really extended to fourteen days. The earliest public documents hitherto discovered are, however, dated July 9th, and the latest July 18th, 1553. The writer of the article on "Lady Jane Grey," in the *Biographia Britannica*, concludes, "Thus we are come to an end of the diary of that short reign, that, from its continuance, is said to have given birth to the common proverb of 'nine days' wonder.'"

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.—One Tom

Brown, a hard Englishman who was educated at Rugby, in the severer times of that renowned school, says the origin of this phrase was at that institution. In old times they used to whip scholars unmercifully. There was a little sort of inclosure where this punishment was performed. A master by the name of Wool was the most severe. He was small almost to deformity. The yells heard from the place of punishment gave rise to the phrase.

COOKING HIS GOOSE.—A certain writer informs us that he has found the following story in a manuscript of the middle of the seventeenth century, in Zion College Library, which he considers as a satisfactory explanation of the phrase "cooking his goose." "The King of Sweedland coming to a towne of his enemys with very little company, his enemys, to slight his forces, did hang out a goose for him to shoot, but perceiving before night that his few soldiers had invaded and set their chiefehoulds on fire, they demanded of him what his intent was. To whom he replied, 'To roast your goose.'"

WOODEN NUTMEGS.—Hon. Edward Pierrepont, in his address before the war Democracy in New York, gave the following version of the popular tradition respecting Connecticut and her peculiar crops. The origin of the wooden nutmeg story illustrates the surpassing ignorance of the South rather than the sharpness of the North. Nothing could be more preposterous, since the successful counterfeit must have cost twice as much as the genuine article; nevertheless, that story has had much vogue. "Many years ago a small trader in the very town where Mr. Winthrop made his speech, together with apples, chestnuts, walnuts, hickory-nuts, etc., sent a few nutmegs to Beaufort, South Carolina. A planter, named Bogart, seeing the nutmegs, bought them at a good price. Pleased with his purchase, and being especially vain of having choice delicacies at his table, he produced for his guests those rare and somewhat costly nuts. But the nuts would n't crack, and when broken open were found to contain no meat, and the honest Connecticut Yankee was cursed by the Carolina chivalry as a cheat for selling nutmegs without meat, and which they, therefore, supposed were made of wood. When our troops entered Beaufort they still found the same prejudice existing against nutmegs and Yankees."

HALCYON DAYS.—The seven days preceding and the seven days following the shortest day, or the Winter solstice, were called by the ancients the *halcyon days*. This phrase, so familiar, as expressive of a period of tranquillity

and happiness, is derived from a fable, that during the period just indicated, while the halcyon-bird, or king-fisher, was breeding, the sea was always calm, and might be navigated in perfect security by the mariner. The name *halcyon* is derived from two Greek words—*als*, the sea, and *kuo*, to conceive, and, according to the poetic fiction, the bird was represented as hatching her eggs on a floating nest in the midst of the waters. Dryden thus alludes to the notion:

"Amid our arms as quiet you shall be,
As halcyons brooding on a quiet sea."

"PEACE ON EARTH."

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,"
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
Then Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

THE GOOD SHE DID.

BY ISA INGLE.

MARY LAYTON could n't live, the physician said. She was not afraid to die, but looking over her past life she could find no great good that she had ever done. She had taken no weariness from earth-life; she had aided no mortal to walk in the right path. Her life seemed too much a mere breeze. Her mother sat by her side one afternoon when the sun was slowly setting. She gently said, "That makes me think, mother, that my life is just so slowly passing away. I shall have no glorious beauty in my death, for I have earned no crown," and she laid her thin hand upon her aching temples.

"You have taught us patience and what happiness we may glean from resignation," replied the mother.

Mrs. Layton was called away, and Henry entered. His sister knew that he had been drinking wine by the wild light that sparkled in the depths of his brown eyes.

"Why, Mary pet, you should be out this splendid evening with the other young ladies," he said, sitting by her side.

"I have no strength. I grow weaker every day. I am sorry, Henry, that you drink wine; where have you been?"

Nobody but his pale, sick sister could thus talk to Henry Layton. His restless, impatient spirit brooked no such words from other lips.

"I am sorry, Mary. I have been to Ward's with some fellows. I think every time I drink that I never will again, but it is so hard when it sparkles in the glass to resist one taste."

Mary slowly lifted a glass of water near her and said, "Harry, suppose this were wine, would it look tempting?" She slowly held it toward him, and pointing her thin finger toward the water continued, "Every time your lips are about to taste the fiery poison, I want you to see my face in its depths; upon its surface see my entreaty. Drink it then if you can. Will you, Henry?"

"Never, never!" and he shuddered with the thought.

"I do this to save you from a terrible death, my brother."

A deeper pallor came over her face—a gasp, and she had died with her hand laid gently upon her brother's head. They buried her where the winds sung a low burial requiem morn and even. They buried her and left her alone, with the sods heaped on her grave.

Six years passed away since Mary Layton's

death, and Henry remembered and profited by her words. Six years from the evening she first lay cold in death there was a fashionable assembly at the house of Mr. Gaylord. Sparkling diamonds flashed back the beautiful light, and there was joy in every heart. Henry Layton walked about the room with his betrothed upon his arm when the supper was announced. The red wine flashed in the decanters, and, alas, feminine lips sipped from glasses—lips that should have been kept pure.

"Layton, take some wine for yourself and lady, you are not of the old school, boy," said one of Harry's friends.

"No, not of the old blue-law school, but we will take no wine, if you please."

"O, Mr. Layton, for me, please. I will be delighted to drink to your health," said a gay belle, holding her tiny glass where the light danced upon it. He hesitated. Gallantry demanded it. He acquiesced and gayly touched her glass. From out the red liquid there looked a pair of sorrowing eyes, and he pushed it from him, tempted for the first and last time.

"Not for a thousand worlds; no, not for ten thousand worlds would I perjure myself," said he in a strangely husky voice.

Mary Layton's crown will contain a pearl for the *salvation of a soul*.

PARSIMONY NOT ECONOMY.

WHEN a cold penury blasts the abilities of a nation, and steals the growth of its active energies, the ill is beyond all calculation. Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm, sagacious mind. It shuts the door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and a wider, to unpresuming merit. If none but meritorious or real service or talent were to be rewarded, this nation has not wanted, and this nation will not want, the means of rewarding all the service it will ever receive, and encouraging all the merit it will ever produce. No state, since the foundation of society, has been impoverished by that species of profusion.

Burke.

MARGARET CRAITH.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE inmates of the old farm-house beneath whose roof Margaret Craith had found the rest her tired, strained heart and mind needed so sorely, had the warm, generous natures which in a large way supplies the lack of culture and breeding.

When she led into the kitchen that night the little drooping, wistful-faced child and related the scene which had just transpired with the fervor and pathos which its strong life had inspired, the farmer and his family listened with mingled horror and pity.

And when the lady closed her story at last with these words, which trembled along the finely-tuned instrument of her rare and sensitive voice, "So I brought the child away with me. Look on her now and tell me, if I had forsaken her and left her in the hands of that vile and cruel man if God would not have forsaken me also in my sorest need. I have given my word, and I will share with her my last dollar—if it comes to that, my last morsel."

"You sha'n't do it alone, though, Miss Craith; I say you sha'n't," said the farmer, and the hand was hard and brown that he dashed across his eyes.

It was a picture that would have seized the imagination of an artist—that wide old kitchen with the low wood fire, which threw its red glow of enchantment over every thing—over the group of figures by the table, over the farmer and his wife and their four half-grown sons and daughters, with the two hired men, and standing before them that fair and delicate woman with the small child clinging to her, and the wondering, beseeching eyes going from one face to another.

Little Jessie Burns had fallen now into the lap of a most kindly fortune, and it was soon settled that she should remain in the household, the farmer's wife averring in her homely, hearty fashion "that the child could save steps enough to pay for all such a little mite could eat," and for the rest Margaret thought to herself, "My wardrobe would n't be much to boast of for a fashionable lady, but I must strain it somehow so that it will cover two."

And in a little while this small Jessie grew something pleasant and sweet to all the inmates of the farm-house. The crushed, stifled nature effloresced suddenly in the new warmth and light; the face grew round and bright, and

lost its old wistfulness. She developed day by day into a thousand pretty childish surprises of playfulness and affection. Her laugh would tinkle out suddenly through the old rooms, as though the bright, sweet nature had found freedom at last. It held warm depths of affection, too, and the little starved, hungry soul seemed to feed itself with soft kisses and half-timid, half-beseeching embraces.

The child was some new life to every member of the farm-house, but more than all to Margaret Craith. It is always dangerous for a fine, sensitive soul like this woman's to be left too much in any great stress of suffering to its own griefs. It could not be otherwise than that in her desolation Margaret should brood upon her own sorrows, but this little Jessie Burns drew her softly out of herself in a thousand little homely ways, and cares it might be, such as making over her old dresses for the child, planning after the manner of women dainty little bonnets, and aprons, and sacks, and watching their pretty effects; and Margaret Craith little suspected how much wholesome influence radiated from these common cares and work, and how in blessing others she was blessed herself—that old story that will always be new as our sharpest griefs, our fiercest temptations, and our sweetest joys to each human soul of us.

Jessie Burns's story was the old, sad one of orphanage and helplessness. The child's whole manner gave evidence of some native refinement as well as early breeding, whose effects the hard, coarse, later life at farmer Hays's had not destroyed. She could just remember the pleasant home in the old country town where her infancy took root, and the rides she used to take every day on her father's knee, while the gentle, sweet-faced mother stood smiling by.

A little later some dreadful change transpired, which the child imperfectly comprehended. Her father died. They—the mother and Roland, the brother with whom she used to chase butterflies through the pleasant June fields—left the old home for a new one among strangers. Nothing ever seemed so bright after that. The mother's smile was quenched in the perpetual sadness that haunted her face—the wolf stood at the door. Roland, although he was quite a number of years the senior of his little sister, could render no assistance to his mother, for his whole childhood had been a fierce battle for life, while death always seemed couched like a lion along his years—a lion on the watch, and ready to spring in any unguarded moment upon his prey.

But at last the boy's constitution triumphed over the extreme delicacy which had laid its long blight upon his childhood, and then the mother's springs of life failed. She died suddenly. Poor little Jessie Burns, telling her story, always broke down here.

The mother's illness exhausted the last remnants of the small property they had hoarded so carefully. They were among strangers, and when a farmer from a long distance offered Roland a place as "chore boy," and Mrs. Hays wanted a little girl to run of light errands, there was nobody to interdict. So Roland went his way and his little broken-hearted sister went hers. Since that time she had not seen her brother, nor so much as heard whether he were among the living or the dead.

And this was the story of Jessie Burns, along which her tears and sobs always trailed so convulsively that they refrained from questioning her on it; and for the last four years—for the hard, coarse, cruel life at farmer Hays's, with the brutal man, and the sharp, hard woman, and the heavy, ignoble-natured son—surely you can fill up with these conditions given the picture of the life of Jessie Burns.

The plums had burned in hot ripeness on the New Hampshire hills, the barberries had twinkled their flames among the green bushes in the pleasant Summer noons, when the winds shook softly among them, and the earth lay in the golden, slumberous atmosphere enchanted with its own beauty, when one day, which seemed to have been let down and clothed with the glory of heaven, Margaret Craith, standing at the window beguiled out of all thought of her own griefs by the beauty and joy of nature, heard a quick, passionate, hungry cry.

"O, Roland! my brother Roland!"

The voice was that of Jessie Burns, but quivering through and through with the strong life of some sudden surprise and joy. Wondering what it could mean, Margaret followed it down the stairs and out of the kitchen door under the shadow of the great hop-vine, where she found the little girl clinging and sobbing to the neck of her brother.

He was a youth, just outside of his seventeenth birthday. He had a bright, intelligent face, browned a good deal with out-door labor; but there was fire in his eyes and force about his mouth, and he wore the "army blue" with something, Margaret thought, of the bearing of the old knights, "without fear and without reproach."

"It is my brother Roland, and this is aunt Margaret Craith," said the child, with a pretty awkward attempt at introduction. "She has

been the only friend I have had since dear mamma died; she took me away from that cruel man and brought me here," her feelings hurrying along her speech and making that half-coherent; and at last she broke down into a great passionate cry of joy—poor little Jessie Burns.

And the young man came forward with the frank, sun-browned face all in a tremble.

"I thank you for all you have done for my poor little motherless sister," he said, and if that was all Margaret Craith knew why.

When the tumult of surprise and joy was over for the three they went into the house, and here Roland Burns told his story. Life had dealt more kindly with the brave, light-hearted boy than with his fair, shrinking little sister. The farmer with whom he had lived was an easy, generous soul, and treated the boy as though he had been his own son.

Roland had never forgotten his little orphan sister Jessie, and had written repeatedly to her and to farmer Hays for information concerning the child, but had received no answer, and his solicitude for Jessie's fate had been the one cloud that had overshadowed his youth, and he had at last resolved that the anxiety on her account having become intolerable, he would start off alone in quest of her.

But before he could consummate the plan which had taken possession of his whole soul, the farmer's eldest son, and the staff of his father's and mother's old age, had been drafted for the war. Then Roland Burns proved the stuff he was made of, and insisted on taking the young man's place. So it was settled at last, and Roland was on his way to join his regiment. But he covenanted with himself to seek and find, if it were possible, the little sister around whom, by day and by night, his thoughts and affections constantly hovered. With a good deal of difficulty he had at last succeeded in tracing Jessie to the residence of farmer Hays, and here his reception from the whole family was any thing but of a cordial character. At first each member sullenly and obstinately refused to give him any information regarding his sister, and it was not till the young man had alarmed them by threats of at once appealing to the law, which, it could be clearly seen, would in this instance be wholly on his side, that he succeeded in obtaining the least clew to his sister's whereabouts, and afterward it was not difficult to find her.

Roland Burns remained for a couple of days under the homely old roof where his sister had found such pleasant shelter. What this visit

was to both of them perhaps you can imagine. How they went back into the pleasant boy-and-girl days, filled with golden sunshine, and humming of bees, and scent of clover! The young private, with his boyish face and manly bearing, won all their hearts. His gratitude toward Margaret Craith knew no bounds, and he besought her, in words that she could never forget, not to forsake his little sister when he should be lost in the red glare of the awful war to which he was going. And Margaret gave the promise and took the pledge on her own soul. The last afternoon before Roland started he came suddenly into the parlor from a little walk with Jessie. Margaret sat reading by the window.

"Miss Craith," he said, and stopped suddenly.

"Well, what is it?" and she laid down her book.

"I want you to gratify a wish, almost the dearest of my heart."

"You have put it in a way to prevail. I would go a long distance to do that, Roland," laughing and shaking her head at him with the old, sweet playfulness that once possessed the face and voice of Margaret Craith.

Then it came out. "A traveling artist has just established himself upon the green for a few days. I want you and Jessie to go down and have your pictures taken for me."

"Nonsense, my dear boy; take Jessie. I will dress her up nicely for the sitting, and her face will be enough for you."

"No it won't," speaking with a grave eagerness that could not but have weight with its hearer. "I want to carry you both down there to the battle-fields. Sometimes when I am tired and lonely in the long, hot marches, sometimes when I am lying on the wet grass with my blanket for my bed and my knapsack for a pillow, and the stars shining down bright in those Southern heavens, I shall want to take out your picture and look at both your dear faces, and the sight will make me strong for the endurance or the fight that await me. And—and," his voice shaking and then strengthening itself, "if I should lie alone wounded, dying on some battle-field, the last thing I should do would be to take out that picture and look at it, and then I should die easier, it seems to me."

Margaret Craith glanced through her tears at the bright-brown hair and thought of it lying still while the fiery storm of the battle went over it in wrath and blood, and she said—of course she did—that she would go.

He came into the long, low building which had been fitted up as a kind of temporary hospital—a man who looked somewhere in the middle of his thirties, a strong, good face, brown-bearded, and with eyes which held at this time the pitying tenderness of a woman in them.

The sight that hailed the surgeon's gaze was enough to seize hold of whatever feeling or sympathy lay deep in any human soul—those two long rows of sharp-set, ghastly faces—faces of the sick, the dying, and the dead.

Two days before the battle had raged there; in a red hail of wrath, and blood, and death it had swept down into the ravine and up the hill and beyond that into the green meadows that lay dreaming of the Summer in the soft luxury of the May sunshine, with the fresh life of the tender grasses clothing them all over.

But the fiery storm had passed over all and left its mark; it had seared the grasses and burned and broken the trees. If you searched down among the hollows and on the banks of the streams you might come upon faces turned up to the sky with an awful look upon them—faces of dead men who had gone there to die.

But the surgeon's work was with the living and not the dead. He had left every thing and come down to the fresh battle-fields to work for the sick and the wounded and to draw them back if it were possible, from the valley of the shadow of death.

And as the surgeon's gaze swept along the line of beds a face was lifted suddenly from the pillow—a boyish face, browned with wind and rain, but with a gray shadow fallen upon it, and in the bright eyes such a wild look of hungry supplication as drew the doctor toward them in a moment.

"Is there any thing I can do for you, my boy?" his voice soft as a woman's.

What a look the wild, bright eyes flashed up to him!

"Yes, doctor, there is a picture under my pillow; my right arm is wounded and I am not strong enough to reach it."

In a moment the doctor's hand was under the pillow. He drew out a plain daguerreotype case, unclasped it, and held it before the young soldier. A smile stole over the sharp lips; the strange sweetness of love came into the dark eyes.

"I told them I should die looking at that," glancing up with the smile haunting the gray shadow of his face.

"Who is it—your mother?" asked the surgeon, greatly moved.

"No, it's my little sister and—and—" the tones sinking down into a gurgle in the throat. The doctor knew what that meant. In a moment the voice came out clear and strong again. "Doctor, am I dying?"

It was no time for concealment then. As though it were a visible presence the doctor saw death standing by the bedside.

"Does it frighten you?" he said, and with that question he said all.

A smile of unutterable sweetness answered him.

"O, no. I settled all that before I went into the last battle. I know in whom I have trusted. You will tell them so?"

"Who?" asked the doctor.

"Jessie and Margaret Craith. She will take care of her; she promised me."

"Margaret Craith—Margaret Craith!" repeated the doctor, and his lips were white almost as those on whom Death was breathing his chill.

"Yes; you will find their address on the inside of the case. Raise me up so that I can look on them once more."

It seemed to the surgeon for a moment as though he could never do this, for the strong man was faint as though a blow had struck him; but in a moment he steadied thought and pulse and softly raised up the dying head, and with one long, lingering gaze the soul of Roland Burns went out and "was not afraid."

The surgeon laid back the brown head on its pillow, and there were tears in his eyes. "A soft-hearted fellow," his professional brethren called him; "but if there's any thing to know or to do he's the one for you, sir."

Then he took up the picture. There were two faces there; one was that of a woman with a little girl standing by her side. The picture was clear, though it possessed no great artistic merit; the lady's face a fine, rare one, but not handsome, haunted by the look of its youth and by something else that no single word could reach; the other a bright, sweet little girl's face, nothing more.

The doctor started and winced as a man's does under a cruel blow, and then straightened himself up and looked at the picture with a greedy wonder and joy which it seemed could never be fed enough with his gazing; and at last he turned and fumbled under the cushion of the case and found an address there on a slip of paper, and this was the clew which Dr. Elisha Armitage had for two years been seeking.

The snows still lay in dark gullies and

ravines among the New Hampshire hills when Dr. Elisha Armitage sat by one of the front windows of the farm-house with Margaret Craith by his side. Such a sweet, tremulous joy pervaded the woman's face that it seemed to have gone back into its early teens.

"Margaret, little Margaret, for whom my heart has so long gone seeking, thank God!" said the doctor.

And Margaret Craith answered, "We must do that with our whole lives, Elisha," and her voice made a sweet tune of the homely, old-fashioned name.

And as these two had made a covenant between themselves that the past should be closed and locked up with the silence of the grave for both of them, so I will not open its dark paths along these pages. Suffice it that the brother, who should have been Margaret's best friend after the death of their father, had proved her bitterest foe. He had not only defrauded her of her rightful inheritance in the property, but he had, from purely personal and selfish motives, opposed her betrothal with Elisha Armitage.

When his disapproval, however, did not succeed in separating, he coolly set to work to destroy the confidence of the man and woman in each other. It was not singular that the man succeeded to a degree, as neither the doctor nor Margaret suspected the active malignity of her brother, and a mutual misunderstanding had resulted in separation.

The development of a train of circumstances had, however, disclosed the whole plot to Dr. Armitage after Margaret's brother had disappeared from his country to escape the penalty of the laws he had violated.

"How wonderful it seems that that little picture should have been the means of bringing you to me. I am sure my care for Jessie Burns has had its own exceeding great reward," said Margaret Craith, her voice shaken up with happy tears.

"It was like you, Margaret, my little Margaret," said Dr. Armitage.

"And, Elisha, you know what I promised that poor, dear fellow before he left us? I must keep the child always."

"We will keep her together tenderly and fondly as we would our own, and to both of us she shall be our own little Jessie, the child and darling of the home that is soon to be," answered Dr. Elisha Armitage.

UNRIGHTEOUS gain destroys millions, but never makes one man permanently prosperous.

INVALID WOMEN.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"I TELL you what it is, Augusta, you *must* get out more. It would make a well person ill to be always mewed up in the house. It would kill *me*."

Augusta's lip quivered, and she involuntarily clasped her hand as if to protect herself. She had been an invalid for years, and there was no time by night or day when she was quite free from pain and its consequent debility. But she was not one to easily succumb even to illness. Every inch of the ground gained by the disease was resolutely contested, and the enjoyments of social life were given up one by one when the feeble grasp could no longer hold them. She laid down her arms in no single instance till thoroughly conquered, and persisted in doing for herself and others all that her slender strength made possible.

On the morning in question she had been able to go through her accustomed duties, and had just returned from a short ride when the door opened and a lady acquaintance came in. Augusta was glad to welcome her. Very often when she sank exhausted into her chair by the window and looked out upon the vigorous life and activity in the streets she felt a longing that can not be put into words for bodily strength. Not ease from pain; she could bear that cheerfully if with it she might have the power to go out among her fellows and share with them the labors and enjoyments of everyday existence. The old prayer for patience and content, which had been offered so many, many times was yet upon her lips when her friend entered, fresh from a long, bracing walk, with the hue of health on her round cheek and its buoyancy in every muscle of her frame.

"I have come on purpose to scold you, Augusta," she said, as she seated herself comfortably. "Somebody has got to do it, and your husband and friends have done nothing but humor you for years. Now, do n't you think you would be better if you exercised more?"

"I take all the exercise I can, Ellinor. I was obliged to lie down twice before I got my room in order this morning."

"But you must not notice every little bad feeling that you have. That is the way to get sick. I should be as bad as you are if I sat down and brooded over every ache."

Augusta could not help smiling. She knew very well that only the ordinary pain which she was that moment enduring would be

enough to frighten her inexperienced friend into hysterics, but she only said pleasantly, "Suppose we start a more entertaining subject. How did you enjoy the boating excursion?"

"O, never mind that. I came on purpose to try and get you out among folks. I think it is positively a sin for you to hide such talents as yours under a bushel. You ought to get out to the evening meetings. The attendance is so small that our minister is quite discouraged. You would feel more interest in the Church if you were more active."

"I should be glad to go, Ellinor, if I could."

"Mrs. Blake says she thinks it would do you good. So does Mrs. Ellis. And Dr. Pillog says your doctor is famous for keeping folks ill. He thinks you ought to exert yourself."

"He does not attend me, and the ladies you mention are strangers. They are scarcely competent judges."

"Well, every body thinks the same; that is, a great many people do."

"I am sorry, Ellinor, that my whole life, my habits, my evident suffering and debility, and all that I say in regard to it, only serve to make up one gigantic lie."

"Bless me, Augusta! How strong your language is!"

"But not stronger than your idea of my hypocrisy. Is it not enough that I must suffer all this chastening from the hand of the Lord without being reproached in addition for what I can not help? Must I get up a labored defense for the sin of being helpless? Why do you not go and tell Harvey Curtis to use the arm he lost in battle? He can do it as easily as I can use the powers which God has taken from me. You do not mean to be impertinent, Ellinor. I dare say you may have imagined yourself performing some duty in thus discussing afflictions of which, I thank God, you are as ignorant as a babe."

"But may not a person imagine they have lost their health when they have n't?"

"I can only speak for myself. It is not unreasonable for me to believe that I get as correct an idea of what I personally endure as any outsider."

Ellinor was silenced, and soon left her friend to think over what had been said. It was not exactly calculated to soften the hardships of her lot; there was not much courage to be gathered from it. So Augusta thought as, conscious of her own efforts to suffer cheerfully, her heart went out to the thousands of invalids all over the world who had more than herself to bear, and who many of them had far less of human sympathy.

Perhaps it can not be proved to any body's satisfaction that invalids are a particularly enviable class. There are people who tell us that no such thing as chronic disease can exist; that its continuance in the "no better, no worse" state is a sham and an impossibility. Listening to their statement of the case, and their profound philosophical deductions therefrom, we soon see that invalids, with their pale faces and drooping figures, are the most absurd hypocrites in the universe.

Absurd, because that any pretense which shuts one off from all the rich enjoyments of life and never stops doing it is the most ridiculous of deceptions, being without any discoverable reason. For, supposing the suffering to be only a pretense, and that, in the language commonly used, "the apparent invalid is as well as any body," can any body tell why the pitiable deceit is persisted in? What compensating power is there in long years of seclusion and privation for the absence of all that makes life desirable or endurable?

My pen aches to spice into my reflections here a little hint as to the heavenly loveliness of charity; but as nobody would pay the slightest attention to it, I oblige the little diamond nib to defer to my stronger judgment and "put ahead" to note down other thoughts. Shutting out the indifferent outsiders, we *invalids* will have a chat with each other.

Our name is legion, for we are many. We will not reckon as belonging to our ranks the multitudes of women who are never very well, never able to attempt deeds of kindness or active usefulness, though they exhibit a marvelous strength in "doing" fashionable life. They are not invalids yet, though the most of them will be.

The real invalid is a *sick* person, and it do n't make the matter pleasant to her that she has been ill so long that every body about her has become used to it. She will never really enjoy the careless glances that view the changes in her condition, the paroxysms of pain, the succeeding deathly weakness and nervous prostration, and even the partial convalescence, very much as they look upon the alternations of cloud and sunlight upon a Summer sky. The sickness which has become an old story to others, which only serves, like the weather, to furnish a topic of careless remark or inquiry, is always a fresh experience to the invalid herself.

The shattered nerves but become more exquisitely sensible of torture as the days pass wearily on; and the sleepless nights, dragging their slow, hopeless hours one after another,

do not become enjoyable by repetition. The most unsympathizing bosom would be filled with gentle pity if the protracted agony could be understood without an experience of it.

But it can't. No one but the Infinite, ever-merciful God, my afflicted sister-invalid, knows what you so heroically endure. I say *heroically*, because there is more real heroism in our sick rooms than on our battle-fields. The enthusiasm, the fancied glory which leads bravely up to the cannon's mouth is a transient emotion, and, indeed, has nothing in common with the nobler feeling which nerves itself for the patient endurance of long and inevitable suffering. It is heroism that will never be chronicled on earth. It will occasion no peans of earthly praise, no triumphant songs of rejoicing. But it is all registered above. It has an undying, never-forgotten record in the immortal literature of heaven. How many who seem unaware of its existence, though they are daily spectators of it, will be astonished to read the beautiful details up yonder! The lowly spirit's triumph over sorrow and pain will take on a new aspect when seen by the purified vision.

Well, because no one but God knows the real state of things, it is best to say as little as possible to any one else about it. We can tell him every thing. He won't tire of the subject. And after we have told him how weak, and sick, and miserable we are we have n't got to *prove* it. And O, what rich sustaining grace he will give in return for our confidence! We soon find that we can bear all things through Christ strengthening us.

There is a very common mistake made by invalids. We are apt to believe that those about us who can enter heartily into the enjoyments of life, who eat, sleep, and digest tranquilly, who go out and come in at their own pleasure, etc., must have some sense of what we are suffering, and that they ought to feel a sad concern for us. We have a feeling that our manifest suffering should somehow tone down their merry songs and laughter. In short, we think they ought to pity us, and are a heartless set because they do n't. My dear Mary Ann Dyspepsia or Phoebe Spine Disease, let me tell you to give up all that. Accustom yourselves to expect nothing, for nothing you will verily get. Once in a thousand days you may find a person whose heart wells over with sympathy, who will be interested in your sorrowful story, who would be glad to bear a portion of your heavy burden for you; but the majority of people feel no especial interest in you. Just while your piteous story falls

upon their ears their faces may be a trifle elongated into a semblance of commiseration; they utter the expected condolence very creditably; but directly you hear their voices in careless laughter or light repartee as they pass on to more pleasing associations. The whole affair has lingered in their minds about as long as water would stay in a coarse sieve.

Now, we have no right to blame such people. We are ourselves at fault. We have been trying to get from them an article that they do n't keep. No one thinks of applying to a grocer for a supply of rare laces and velvets. The goods are not in his line of business. And we ought to know better than to call for sympathy—pure, heaven-born sympathy—where there is no sign of its being kept. Especially foolish are we when, close at hand, near enough for us to reach its healing waters, is the divine fountain of sympathy and consolation. We have not to entreat for a portion, for the compassionate tenderness of the Savior is *offered* to us. We can take our case directly to him and spread it all out to his view. We are sure there will be no rebuff, no coldness shown us. The sorrowing disciples of John, when they had buried their martyred master, did n't tell their grief to the careless people about them. "They went and told Jesus."

There is another reason why we should not pour our trials into indifferent ears. The inevitable pains are magnified to ourselves by constantly dwelling upon them. Our lot looks harder to bear after we have eloquently portrayed it to another. We have missed the hearer's heart, but we have touched our own. We have quickened its morbid sense of deprivation, and we have got no remedial balm to soothe the added sensitiveness. The listener is glad to get away from us to pleasanter things. How much better at first to accept the sweet invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." "Casting all our cares upon him," because "he careth for us."

It is a comfort to me to think of some of the evils from which our forced seclusion is a safe shield. It keeps one out of bad company. We have but little experience of gossip and scandal, or of what is harder to bear than neuralgia, the endless discussion of fashionable dress. *Our* hair has n't got to be twisted into the abominable patterns to which our well sisters succumb; twisted till every hair loses its hold of the idea at its roots, and one feels as brainless as one looks. And after being laboriously, though faultlessly, "got up" at last, we have not to endure the weary pantomime of either paying or receiving genteel

calls. We have n't got to hear operative noises except when pain forces them from our own lips, and, better still, *our* consciences do n't accuse us of praising them. Those cannibals of society, backbiters, overlook us altogether. Nobody expects us to give suppers to the rich instead of sweet morsels of charity to Christ's poor. Who ever comes to us to contrive innocent amusements for the children of the devil in order to raise money for the children of the Lord? Then there are sick-room pleasures. We have books. None of us are quite desolate if we can enjoy reading. It is an uncommon degree of pain which can obtain the control of our powers if we bring to oppose it the strong, earnest thoughts that live and glow upon the printed page. Thought is the aliment of the spirit. It is this that enables us to "suffer and grow strong." The weary body may droop and decay, while the mind, growing all the time, is getting ready to comprehend the mysteries on the other side of the river, and to join in the studies of the angels.

There is a thought which is pleasant to some people, though I can't say I ever got any comfort out of it. Chronic sufferers generally outlive their compeers. Ah, the multitudes of well people who have gone down suddenly to their graves since we first knew that we must never again feel the luxury of health! It is the *well* people who die.

But none the less certain is our approach to the dark valley. For a little while the master chastens us, but with everlasting mercy he will gather us. Eternal life is the great prize before us. We do not need health to gain that, but however we may suffer, whatever sorrows may discourage us, our feeble step, guided by Infinite Love, may keep pace with the strongest traveler by the way.

WANT OF FAITH.

WHEN men cease to be faithful to their God, he who expects to find them so to each other will be much disappointed. The primitive sincerity will accompany the primitive piety in her flight from the earth, and then interest will succeed conscience in the regulation of human conduct, till one man can not trust another further than he holds him by that tie; hence, by the way, it is that, although many are infidels themselves, yet few choose to have their families and dependents such; as judging, and rightly judging, that true Christians are the only persons to be depended on for the exact discharge of their social duties.—*Bishop Horne.*

PEACE.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

INFOLD me in thine arms, O, fair-browed Peace,
 And let me slumber 'neath thy swaying wings;
 Calm my quick pulses, let this fever cease
 To drink unpitifully my being's springs.
 Behold, I've sought thee vainly far and wide,
 By mine own hearth-stone, and in foreign lands,
 Where foaming sea-waves lash the yellow sands,
 And in deep forests where aromas hide,
 And bird-songs quaver through the arcades dim
 Faintly, like fragments of an angel's hymn.
 Often when weary down beside some rill
 Among the sweet-breathed violets I've lain,
 While hawthorn blossoms, lovingly and still,
 Fell on my brow and lips like fragrant rain,
 Filling my sun-browned hands with wreaths like snow,
 I've dreamed I felt thy hand upon my heart;
 But when sleep's mystic portals flew apart,
 Far o'er the mountain heard thee chanting low,
 And, binding my worn sandals to my feet,
 Followed through the parched noon with footsteps
 fleet.

Fierce storms have beaten on me, flaming swords
 Of lightning flashed from zenith to the ground,
 The winds struck their rude harps in angry chords,
 Tumultuous thunders heaved and crashed around.
 Affrighted and dismayed, I sought thee yet,
 With dripping tresses trailing my pale cheeks,
 Threading dark glens and scaling mountain peaks,
 Till on this dreamy Autumn night we've met.
 Dear Peace, I've grown so weary in thy quest,
 Sing me a lullaby that I may rest.

O, blessed angel, lave my poor, bruised feet
 With healing waters, gather in thy palms
 So cool mine own so scorched with heat,
 And swathe me in thy pleasant calms,
 That, leaning my head on thee, I may sleep,
 And feel beneath my temples thy heart leap
 In strong pulsations, while thy loving arms
 Embrace and shelter me from earthly harms.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

WHY are you lying there, mother,
 Under that cold gray stone,
 Always out in the wind and rain,
 Lying so still and lone?
 Little Minnie is very sick,
 On her lip lies the gathering foam;
 Why do n't you come and mind her now?
 O, mother, come home! come home!
 Harry and I ere we fell asleep
 Last night in our cradle bed,
 Were trying to think what they meant by it
 When they told us you were dead.
 When we asked our father he answered,
 The knowledge would come with years;
 But his hands were clasped before his face,
 And under them fell big tears.

He said 't was because you were good, mother,
 That God took all who were such.
 Harry thinks we might get you back again
If we asked God very much!
 But why do n't you speak when I speak?
 Why do n't you come to us now
 To hear us say our prayers at night,
 And to kiss us upon the brow?

Old nurse cries, and says to Minnie,
 That with you she soon shall meet,
 For night after night on the candle
 Is a little winding-sheet.
 I'd rather that you come back to us
 And live as you used to do;
 But if Minnie is going to see you,
 O, mother, may I go too?
 The morning you spoke to us all last,
 When you kissed us each and blessed,
 You said, as I was the eldest,
 I should also be the best.
 And indeed, I try to be good, mother,
 Since you went 'neath that cold gray stone.
 Won't you come back and see how good I am?
 O, mother, come home! come home!

FATHER TIME.

BY J. W. THIRLWALL.

FATHER TIME, with his centuries on his brow,
 Glides along
 As lithe and hale as in youth I trow,
 Ever strong;
 Through night, through day untired he goes,
 Nor courting friends, nor fearing foes,
 Was never known his eyes to close,
 Father Time, and thus goes he.

Father Time, each joy doth bring to me
 And to thee,
 Each heart must own his hand is free,
 All agree;

He brings the happy hour to woo,
 He brings the bride so fair to view,
 The feast, the dance, and bridal too,
 Father Time, and thus doth he.

Father Time takes again each joy he brings,
 'T is all one;
 The brightest hours, the darkest, all have wings,
 And are gone;

He steals the bloom of the beauteous bride,
 And youth, and health, and strength beside,
 And swamps us in death's shoreless tide,
 Father Time, and thus doth he.

Father Time, ah neglect not, happy youth;
 Mark his voice;
 His every word is ripe with truth,
 Wisdom choice;

With him keep step and onward wend,
 And he will prove a priceless friend,
 But linger, woes thy heart shall rend,
 Father Time, and thus goes he.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

BY MRS. J. F. WILLING.

YOU would hardly have thought it a June day, so surlily did the rain dash against the window panes, and the raw, sour air crowd itself in at every crevice. In widow Selton's cottage there was a small fire in the old Franklin stove, winking its dozy eyes, and burning as cautiously as if it knew the wood it ate had all to be paid for by one pair of slender hands.

Widow Selton's rheumatic feet were carefully wrapped in flannels and placed upon a cushioned stool before the stove. An old broché shawl was drawn over her shoulders. A bunch of fresh flowers, snatched in out of the rain, some good, cheery books, and the old Bible were on her stand within reach. But all in vain the thousand careful touches of a deft, kindly hand, eking out the small comfort of the plain, little room. There were two things the invalid seldom forgot. She had been rich and was poor now, and, somehow, things were shockingly out of joint. Mary Selton, owner of the aforesaid slender, workful hands, was getting ready to go out.

"Why, Mary, you must n't go out in the storm; you'll get your death."

"O no, mother, 't won't hurt me. This old hood and shawl'll keep me dry."

"I hate to have you wear those old things, Mary; they look so."

"I know; but I can't afford to spoil my hat. O, I shall make a splendid appearance. See, mother," giving her hood a comical turn and her face a prinking twist. Mrs. Selton was obliged to smile, but her face lengthened again the next moment.

"You'll get your feet wet, Mary."

"No, mother; see! I've taken passage in Rob's old rubber boots. Good fit, ar' n't they?" laughingly.

"Poor boy!" sighed the mother, "he'll never wear them again."

A pang shot through the girl's heart, but there was no abatement of the outer sunshine.

"You must be real nice and comfortable while I'm gone, mother. I would n't leave you, but Mrs. Congdon's so particular. If I let the rain keep me from giving the lesson I may lose the scholar, and we can't afford that, you know. There's that new book Mrs. Gale sent you—it'll fill up the time so nicely to-day. How good our Father is"—lowering her voice slightly—"to let you keep your eyesight so," smoothing back the thin, iron-gray hair, and giving a tuck of kindness here and there to her

mother's wrappings. Her sunniness was lost on the poor, querulous woman, however.

"Do n't stay longer than you can help, Mary. I shall be so lonesome. Poor Robert! I can't get him out of my mind. To think of his being starved to death by those miserable rebels. I could have borne it if he'd been killed at once."

The pain came into the young girl's face now, bringing the white lines about her close-shut mouth.

"Mother, you must n't speak of that; it kills me; it hurts my faith," every feature tense and old with pain.

"O, if mother would only be patient and cheerful," moaned Mary Selton, drawing her old shawl closely about her and bending her head to keep the rain out of her face. "O my Father!" raising her head again, forgetful of the rain, in the cold, heavy drops that were falling on her sore young heart. God heard the sob. He alone knew its bitterness.

Mrs. Colonel Congdon threw herself back among the sofa pillows in a petulant way, covering her face with her hands. Willful, vexed tears stole between her dainty, white fingers, greatly to the worriment of patient, fussy aunt Charity.

"Well now, Cassie, I would n't take on so," began the thin, apologetic, little voice. "What does George write, any way? though I s'pose I ought n't to be prying into other folks's business."

"Why, he is n't coming home—nobody knows when," sobbed Mrs. Congdon. "He might get a furlough if he'd try; I know he might. Other men do. The Forty-Seventh is n't going to be mustered out as soon as he expected, and he thinks he's got to stay down there and take care of the men. I do think it's too bad. He knows I was depending on him to take me to Saratoga this Summer. I never do set my heart on any thing but I get disappointed."

Aunt Charity always felt it her duty to act the comforter, and sometimes she stumbled into an odd way of putting things.

"It is too bad in George," lapsing into her normal, knitting condition. "Men will be just so thoughtless, though. Now, there's many of 'em 'll never come home at all—though I do n't know's they're to blame for getting killed—poor fellows! George always was a queer boy. He is n't much like Colonel Swell. You do n't catch him staying down there to take care of his men."

"I would n't have such a selfish strut as that Colonel Swell," broke in Mrs. Congdon indig-

nantly. "I would n't have such a husband. Of course George ought to take care of his men. But then"—relapsing into her sense of disappointment again, "I'm always"—

There was a sudden burst into the room of a wee embodiment of impulsive energy, in the form of a petted seven-years-old.

"O, mamma! say, mamma! do just please help me get the United States together. Come, mamma, do it once and then I'll know how," emptying her apron load of blocks at her mother's feet.

"I can't be bothered now, Cora. I'm thinking of something else. Take your blocks back to your room."

The child's lips protruded quivering. There were ominous indications of a storm. Aunt Charity's knitting-needles were gradually reined up. Her spectacles deliberately took position on her nose. "Bring your blocks here, Corie. May be auntie can reconstruct for you. She's been out o' g'ogr'phy a good while, but I guess she can manage it about as well as the folks do at Washington," smiling through her glasses, in the child's face, as though her pleasantry was appreciated. It was felt, if not understood. There was a sudden clearing off, and aunt Charity was soon down beside the little chick, making her laugh merrily over her funny remarks and funnier geography.

"Why, auntie, Michigan do n't go down there; it belongs up here among the lakes. See! Florida goes in that place."

"If I'd 'a' been making it I'd 'a' pinched Michigan up a little and tucked it in there."

"Cora," said Mrs. Congdon, glancing at her watch, "it's time for your music lesson. I wonder why Mary Selton do n't come. Seems to me she's getting very careless lately. I shall have to get another teacher for you."

"Why, mamma, what are you talking about? Just see how it rains! I won't have another teacher any way. Miss Selton's the goodest!"

"Be still, Cora! You'll do as I tell you. I say she is getting careless about the lessons."

"Yes," chimed in aunt Charity. "I s'pose she might be more particular. She has n't any thing else to do—only to take care of her sick mother, and provide and see to every thing. Of course she ought to attend to the lessons, rain or shine; it's all they have to keep them from starving."

Somehow Mrs. Congdon found it necessary to clear her throat and readjust her pillows before proceeding.

"I do n't mind her being late now and then so much as I do her—her airs. She never seems inclined to observe the distinctions of

society at all—holds up her head as if she were as good as any body."

The little girl had risen from the floor, and taken a most unchildlike attitude—facing her mother—her slight form trembling, her large eyes dilated and flashing; she had her father's eyes as well as will.

"And so she is; she's gooder 'n any body. I love her, and God does, too. He likes poor folks every bit as good as he does rich ones. Any body that belongs to the Church had better think as he does about that. My papa does. He says he an't one bit better 'n when he was 'Squire Morris's errand boy."

"Cora Congdon, you gather up your blocks and go right straight to your room, and do n't you ever let me hear another such saucy word from your lips!"

"I'm sorry you have so much to bother you, Cassie," sympathized aunt Charity. "Wonder if you had n't better write to George about it before you turn Mary Selton off."

Write to George! The proud woman quailed as she remembered with what sad sternness her husband always opposed her devotion to her demon—style. She knew it was this that had made them grow apart so for the last few years. It was destroying her religious life, too—leading her so often from her own to a more aristocratic place of worship. She knew all this, and yet she clung to the idol.

A servant opened the door. "Miss Cora's music teacher's in the sittin' room. She's been there a good bit. I thought you heerd me bring her in, so I did n't bother to call Miss Cora."

So all this talk had been overheard—by its subject, too!

"I've told you, Catherine, always when you bring any body in to announce them. I want you to remember, after this. Go, Cora."

The command was hardly necessary. The child had dropped her blocks—Maine rolling after Texas—Massachusetts bounding over the Carolinas. In a moment her arms were about Mary Selton's neck, and her pent indignation venting itself in sobs and tears, and vehement protestations of regard. Mary had been bracing herself to dismiss her pupil in right queenly style, and then leave the house never to reënter it, but this outburst quite overturned her lofty resolutions. The lesson was gone over, though voice and fingers were unsteady enough. Through the dripping, dripping rain she plodded her weary homeward way. She minded the wet and chilliness very little, though. Physical discomfort is a small item in the wear and tear of life. After her mother was asleep

Mary wrote a note, intending to leave it at Mrs. Congdon's door next morning:

"Mrs. Congdon,—I feel it beneath me to associate with the daughter of my mother's dress-maker. I shall henceforth regard our acquaintance at an end; it began, you will remember, with your bringing parcels from your mother's shop. Praying God to mete to you according to your own measure,

"I am, etc.,

MARY J. SELTON."

A bitter smile, that looked strange enough on her face, flickered over it as she thought how this thrust would make the proud woman writhe. Then some words of poor lost Rob came to her mind. "Pray over it, sister." She hesitated a little—the thing was so palpably unchristlike; but, kneeling, she asked the Savior's guidance. How a little of God's light, let in upon our perplexities, changes their appearance! When Mary arose from her knees, the first thing she did was to burn the note and put away her writing materials. She had obtained grace to forgive and "pray for those who spitefully used her." She had learned besides, that Christ had suffered her to come into these sore trials that she might discover the pride hidden away in her own heart, and seek its removal.

All that night lights were glancing through Colonel Congdon's mansion. The lady, with disordered dress and hair, and face furrowed with anxiety, had come again and again to listen upon the veranda and peer out into the dense darkness. At last, as the clock tolled one, she heard the rumble of wheels.

"O, Doctor, I'm so glad you've come," grasping the old man's hand.

"I came as soon as I got home. Is she much sick? One of her old spells? What brought it on? Been at her books again?"

"Only what you said, Doctor—two hours a day and her music."

"Been frightened, excited, crossed in any thing? You know I've told you she must be kept quiet. These precocious children—too much brain."

"I've tried my best, Doctor, to do as you said. To-night I was obliged—I proposed a change of music-teachers. I did n't think she'd take it so to heart"—her voice nearly lost in tears—"I'm afraid that has something to do with it. O, if she should n't get well—I'd never forgive myself!"

They entered the sick room. The little head was rolling restlessly on the pillow. "O, dear!" moaned the parched, red lips, "why do n't she come? I'm so 'fraid mamma won't let her."

"Here, darling, Cotie pet, do n't you know mamma?"

The child started. Her large eyes burned more brilliantly. O, how their strange fire scorched the poor mother's heart! "You do know me, darling—your own mamma."

The hot, restless head fell back again. "Mamma's gone—dear papa's gone—O, I'm so 'fraid—all alone. Dear God, please do send a nice, pretty angel for me. It's all good up there. They do n't hate good ladies just because they're poor. O, why do n't Mary come? Dear Mary—good Mary."

Every incoherent, delirious word was a poisoned arrow in the mother's heart. She staggered back and sunk upon a sofa. After a few moments Doctor Moffat came to her. "Mrs. Congdon."

She uncovered her face and started up. "What do you think, Doctor? Can she—can she get well? I never saw her so sick before."

"Well, ma'am, to be plain," he sent the words out resolutely, as if they must be said, "she is very sick—a very sick child. I do n't know just how it will turn. I'll bring Doctor Howard with me in the morning. We'll do all in our power to save her."

"O, my God! O, my Father! forsake me not!" moaned the mother, sinking back upon the sofa and covering her livid face with her cold, shaking hands. The Doctor brushed his hand across his eyes, cleared his throat, and fumbled energetically at his muffler.

"I've told your aunt what to do, Mrs. Congdon. O, one word more. Send your carriage for Mary Selton immediately. Get her here as soon as possible."

A few weeks later Mrs. Congdon sat reading a letter. She was in deep mourning, but her face was aglow, lips apart, eyes full of smiles and tears. Let us glance over her shoulder:

"My own Cassie,—Thanks to the good Father, my soldier-life is ended. We shall get our discharge in time to start home to-morrow. You may look for me next Wednesday. I will telegraph from Philadelphia. As you requested, I have made a new search for Captain Robert Selton. I have found him. It seems too good to be true. Poor fellow! he has had a stormy time. You know we all thought he died at Andersonville. He escaped from there, was recaptured, put on board a blockade runner, and impressed into the rebel pirate service. Mutinied, with a handful of colored men-slaves; had a desperate fight, but successful. Yesterday he was brought into port by a blockader—his rebel captain and crew in irons. It has made quite a lion of Rob. He's a noble fellow—every inch a man and a Christian. His back pay and prize money will put them above want. He will get his discharge and

go home with the rest of us. He has not had time to write, and has concluded to take his mother and sister on surprise. So, little wife, this good news must be kept under lock and key till the *denouement*.

"Ever your own, GEO. B. CONGDON."

Two ladies were seated upon a rustic sofa beside a little grave, in a beautiful secluded part of the Menzburg Cemetery.

"Now, Mary," said Mrs. Congdon, gently taking the sewing from her friend's fingers, "you read and let me sew awhile. What a gem that little poem is, 'Only a Curl!' George was always so enthusiastic over Mrs. Browning, but my head was so full of fashionable nonsense I could n't appreciate either him or his books. It'll not be so ever again, I hope," smiling a quiet half-sad smile. Mary read aloud part of a poem that was in harmony with her own lonely thoughts:

"Heroic males the country bears;
But daughters give up more than sons.
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
You flash your souls out with the guns;
And take your heaven at once.

But we!—we empty heart and home
Of life's life, love! We bear to think
You're gone—to feel you may not come—
To hear the door-latch stir and clink,
Yet no more you! . . . nor sink."

Silent tears stole from her half-closed lids. "I used to think," she said falteringly, "I never could endure to see the regiment come home without Robert. It was so terrible, the way he died; but I know now the blessed Christ would n't leave him alone in the long agony."

O, how the little woman at her side longed to throw her arms about her and whisper just a hint of the great joy that would be on the morrow! Her own heart was full of it.

"I'm going to send the carriage over for your mother in the morning, Mary," she said abruptly, and in an almost jarringly cheerful voice. "You must go down to the train with me. George'll be so glad to see you."

"Had n't we better go home now, Cassie?"

"Perhaps so." Mrs. Congdon bent over the little grave, with tender, trembling hands arranging the flowers. "I want our darling's resting-place to look as cheerful as it can to-morrow. I know George'll want to come here as soon as he can get away from the people."

What a heartless thing is a railroad train! Like some men, it seems given over, soul and body, to the service of mammon. On it dashes, no matter whether it bears a funeral or a bridal party—broken hearts or gay. It crushes

out a life now and then—all the same—on it goes—business-full, hard, relentless.

Extra cars were attached to the morning train steaming down toward Menzburg. The Forty-Seventh, battered and war-worn, was on its way home. As the men came in sight of familiar places their excitement grew intense. Some slouched their hats over their faces and settled themselves in their seats, a volcano of emotion seething under their forced indifference. Others laughed, stamped, cheered at the slightest witticism. Silent tears stole over scarred, bronzed faces. A father was there, who went out two years before with his first-born at his side. The boy was asleep now in a Southern grave. How could he go to the mother without her son! There was one, pale, gloomy, alone—his thoughts full of the wife who said, "Good-by," the still, white lips could never say, "Welcome home." Brave hearts! they had faced rebel batteries unflinchingly, but they quailed before the ghosts of the agonies of those two long years.

Colonel Congdon, a man of high, generous soul and noble presence, had been passing through the cars among his men, with a word of cheer for one, caution for another, and kindness for all; words to be treasured like ingots of gold, for they loved him as if he had been brother to each.

The fussy, feathery, little Lieutenant-Colonel bustled up to him. "I do wish, Colonel, you'd give a little attention to this matter. You know the Forty-Seventh has won a splendid name, and we owe it to the people of Menzburg to give them a specimen of our discipline, especially as they're getting up a dinner for us. We want to do the thing up right."

"Well, Barclay, go ahead. Do the best you can with the men."

"But, sir, a word from you would go farther than an hour's speech from any body else. I've got the musicians and color-bearers in the front car, and I've talked till I'm hoarse to make the men understand they're to fall in and march to the court-house square; they'll have plenty of time afterward to see their folks, you know."

"To tell the truth, Barclay, I think the men will be too much excited for you to do much with them. I should n't wonder if I'd be the first man to forget, and break through your meeting-house order. There's a little woman and"—his voice shook, just perceptibly—"and some other people that I have n't seen for nearly a year. But go on, sir. Do the best you can."

A scream of the engine sent the brakes down.

"Menzburg" called the conductor. Thousands of people were about the depot—music playing, banners waving, men cheering, women making free use of their handkerchiefs, people in all attitudes of excitement and expectancy. Before the train could be brought to a stand-still the boys had flown like a flock of pigeons. Here, there, in all directions; catching up wives, babies, mothers, sisters; laughing, crying, cheering—all in promiscuous confusion. Fifes shrieked, drums roared, and Barclay hallooed—all in vain. Poor fellow! he threw his arms, hopped about, and shouted his orders till he was red in the face, but all to no purpose. A thin-faced woman, whose dress showed that she had made every effort to appear her best, tottered up to him, quite regardless of his excitement. She laid her shaking brown hand strongly on his arm.

"Say, Mr. Barclay, I do n't see my man. Where is he—Jed Pearce? you knowed him."

"What, ma'am? Jed Pearce? Why, he died three months ago down there in"—

There was no need to say more; the woman fell at his feet, a stricken, lifeless thing. "She's dead! I've killed her! Colonel! surgeon! chaplain! Is n't any body going to help?"

Colonel Congdon raised the poor, limp form in his strong arms. "Here, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Grey, I think you can bring her to. Surgeon Shaw, this way, sir. There—do what you can for this woman. As soon as may be I'll have her taken to my house. Come, Robert," addressing Captain Selton, "it's time we reported ourselves," his voice husky in spite of him. "Hallo! there's the carriage. Somebody there for both of us, or I'm mistaken. Tom, my boy, how are you?" snatching a grasp of the coachman's hand as he hurried to the carriage door.

Words are weak, limping things, the best of them. Poor work they make trying to bear the great joys and agonies that crowd themselves into such meetings as were there that day.

"Had n't you better have Mrs. Pearce brought here, George?" Mrs. Congdon spoke through tears. "We must take care of her now, must n't we? Let's take her right home with us."

"You know her then, Cassie?"

"O, yes. She's been sick. I used to go and see her every day. Poor thing! Her Jed, as she called him, was all the friend she had in this country." Mrs. Congdon's eyes met those of her husband brimming with tenderness.

"So my little Cassie has been caring for the families of my boys, has she?"

The carriage rolled away, like many another, homeward from the war, bearing the shattered life and the happy reunited ones.

CHRISTMAS.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

THE Christmas bells are ringing loud and clear;
All lips drop smiles—all voices wake to cheer.

Kind wishes gather, thick as bees in May,
To greet the opening of this perfumed day.

O flower of all days—day of Christ our King—
What praise to thy perfections could we bring?

To each—to all—on this auspicious morn,
New joys are given, and brighter hopes are born.

All fears are lost—no tears can longer flow;
Sighs mount to song, and griefs to gladness grow.

The child, free of all tasks, lord of all laws,
Is deep in mysteries of Santa Claus.

The rude are gentle on this hallowed day;
The murmuring put their discontent away.

Proud princes grow benignant, just, and true;
The lowly in their joy are princes too.

Maid, matron, all on generous deeds intent,
Rest in the charmed sphere of a glad content;

For once, in fair Judea, Christ was born;
Song and thanksgiving crowned the blessed morn.

And since his star the wondering shepherds saw,
Christ's Gospel rules the world, and love is law.

So on this day our purest prayers ascend;
The heavens in richest benedictions bend.

With thee, O blessed day, all sorrows cease;
With joy we greet thee, day of grace and peace.

A BUGLE-NOTE.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

ROUSE thee, day is near, O sleeper!

Let the spirit stir the clod;
Go thee forth before the reaper,
To the harvest-field of God.

No more resting, no more slumber,
Bind the cross upon thy breast;
When thy form the earth shall cumber,
Thou 'lt have time enough for rest.

All the arts of pleasure spurning,
Be thy couch no more the sod;
Thou may'st snatch a brand from burning—
Thou may'st win a soul for God.

Poet with the heavenward longing,
Shrink no more from mortal strife;
To the millions onward thronging,
Sing the battle song of life.

Child of sorrow, lone, despairing,
Haunting night with weeping eyes;
Day is near, be up and bearing
Earth's rich harvest to the skies.

Rouse thee, rouse thee, O thou sleeper!
Breathe no more the sluggard's breath;
Go thee forth before the reaper;
Snatch the victor's crown from Death.

CAXTON, THE FIRST ENGLISH PRINTER.*

BY REV. J. F. HURST.

ENGLAND has not laid claim to the first of all printers. Knowing full well that she is not entitled to the honor, she has left Germany and Holland to wrangle over Gutenberg and Coster to their hearts' content. But in a high appreciation of the value of knowledge, and in vigorous effort to benefit his countrymen, William Caxton, the first English printer, deserves to stand beside the great fathers of the art to which he devoted himself with unvarying fidelity. His life possesses much incident and romance; but, deeming that the best sketch of Caxton is a description of his relation to his times, we shall content ourselves with speaking less of his personal history than of the work which he began on English soil. To represent him in his true light, we need to speak more of printing than of the printer.

The people of England, like their neighbors on the continent, had two sources of information before the invention of printing. That these sources were meager enough, no one can deny. The most important and trustworthy means of acquiring knowledge was by reading the books which had been slowly and painfully transcribed in the monasteries. There was a room in every great abbey where all the copying was done. It was called the *Scriptorium*, or writing-room. The monks transcribed the Scriptures, while the boys and novices labored at the Greek and Roman Classics, and works of a later age. When a secular book was transcribed, it was placed in some convenient place where the clergy, and others who had a taste for reading, could consult it. But these convenient localities were few and far between. Only a school or college could enjoy such a favor. Priests were the great readers. It was seldom that a layman was found at the book-desk. Old Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, had the consummate effrontery to say, in his *Philobiblon*, published in 1344, "Laymen, to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upward or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books." The value which he and his cotemporaries placed upon the few books may be determined from his harsh invectives against all who read them with "their dirty nails, unwashed hands, and greasy elbows resting upon them; and who dare to eat fruit and cheese upon the open leaves." He

wrote for his whole generation when he gravely gave the following bit of advice: "Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing of volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with precipitous haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed."

It was a statute of St. Mary's College, Oxford, in the reign of Henry VI, that "No scholar shall occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same." It was very common to write on the first leaf of a book, "Cursed be he who shall steal, or tear out the leaves, or in any way injure this book." But, great as was the scarcity of books at this period, they had previously been much rarer; for, in an earlier stage of the history of the Church, only one book was given out by the abbey—librarian—to each of a religious fraternity at the beginning of Lent, to be read diligently during the year, and to be returned the following Lent.

The other mode of acquiring knowledge was by the aid of the minstrels. They were ballad-singers, who went through the country and gave their modicum of knowledge, legend, or gossip to the crowds in the market-places at eventide. The minstrels approached the wealthy noblemen, and hoped, by imparting their knowledge to them, to receive some material aid from them in payment. But the "material aid" did not amount to much more, from the inmates of the castle, than a few good meals and an excessive amount of petting and flattery. We have a choice expression of gratitude for such favors, from the lips of old Richard Sheale, one of the minstrels in question:

"Now, for the good cheer that I have had here,
I give you hearty thanks with bowing of my shanks,
Desiring you by petition to grant me such commission—
Because my name is Sheale—that, both for meat and meal,

To you I may resort sometime for my comfort.
For, I perceive, here at all times is good cheer,
Both ale, wine, and beer, as it doth now appear;
I perceive, without fable, ye keep a good table.
I can be content, if it be out of Lent,
A piece of beef to take, my hunger to aslake;
Both mutton and veal is good for Richard Sheale.
Though I look so grave, I were a very knave
If I would think scorn, either evening or morn,
Being in hunger, of fresh salmon or congar.
I can find in my heart with my friends to take a part
Of such as God shall send; and thus I make an end.
Now farewell, good mine host; I thank you for your cost

Until another time, and thus do I end my rhyme."

To Caxton England is indebted for supplying better means of popular information than slow transcription and unreliable minstrelsy. He was

*The Old Printer and the Modern Press. By Charles Knight. London: John Murray, 1854.

born in Kent, about 1412, and died in 1491 or 1492. We find him, in 1428, an apprentice to a London mercer. How could he be expected to gain any knowledge? His mind was undeveloped, and there seemed but a faint hope that it would ever be much better. But, in those days, between merchandise and knowledge there was a connection which might at first escape attention. Merchants traveled much on the continent, especially in Holland. They had their plans for the enlargement and support of their business, which could only be consummated by personal visitation of the countries whence they derived their goods and wares. When in foreign countries they frequently met with objects of literary interest, which came into their possession, and were long retained as treasures by their descendants. In this way valuable manuscripts sometimes found their way into England. "Caxton himself informs us that the "Book of Manners," which he translated from the French and printed, in 1487, was delivered to him by a special friend, a mercer of London, named William Praat. John Bagford, writing about 1714, says of these early means of gaining knowledge from the continent: "Kings, queens, and noblemen had their particular merchants, who, when they were ready for their voyage into foreign parts, sent their servants to know what they wanted; and, among the rest of their choice, many times books were demanded, and there to buy them in those parts where they were going."

Caxton's employer became Lord Mayor of London. In due time the apprentice found himself on the continent. Some contend that he was the agent of the mercer's company. Mr. Knight gravely questions this assumption, but says, that if Caxton had any mercantile employment from his company, it was, in all probability, for the purpose of finding channels in trade that were closed up by the blind policy of the respective governments. A transition, however, occurred in his life. The traveling merchant found out the art of printing. The new thought inflamed his imagination, withdrew him from his first occupation, and fastened him to the printing-press. He was at once author, publisher, and printer. His first work was issued by him at Cologne, on the Rhine. Its title is the "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye." At the end of the third book we find the following passage: "Thus end I this book, which I have translated after mine author, as nigh as God hath given me cunning, to whom be given the laud and praises. And for as much as in the writing of the same my pen is worn, mine hand weary and not steadfast, mine eyen dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not

so prone and ready to labor as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all my body; and also because I have promised to diverse gentlemen and to my friends to address to them as hastily as I might this said book, therefore I have practiced and learned, at my great charge and dispense, [expense,] to ordain this said book in print, after the manner and form as you may here see: and is not written with pen and ink as other books are, to the end that every man may have them at once. For all the books of this story named the 'Recnyell of the Historyes of Troye,' thus imprinted as ye here see, were begun in one day, and also finished in one day. Which book I presented to my said redoubted lady, [Margaret, Duchess of Burgoyne,] and she hath well accepted it and largely rewarded me."

But Caxton, the son of the Kentish farmer, was too thorough a Briton to do all his printing on the bank of the Rhine, or any where else out of England. He wished to benefit his own country to the fullest extent of his power. Accordingly, he came back to London and continued his art there. Strange enough, too, Westminster Abbey, now the resting-place of England's most illustrious dead, was the first British printing-office. The "Chronicles of England" bears the following imprint: "Emprynted by me, William Caxton, in thabbey of Westmynster by london, &c., the v day of Juynne, the yere of thincarnacion of our lord god M.CCCC.LXXX." Caxton also published the History of King Arthur, with a mention of the same locality. Stow, in his "Survey of London," says, "In the Eleemosynary or Almonry at Westminster Abbey, now corruptly called the Ambry, for that the alms of the Abbey were there distributed to the poor, John Islip, Abbot of Westminster, erected the first press of book-printing that ever was in England, and Caxton was the first that practiced it in the said Abbey."

But, though Caxton plied his art in a sacred place, Mr. Knight, in his pleasant volume before us, calls attention to the remarkable fact that but few of the books there printed were of a distinctly religious character. Not more than five or six pertained to theological subjects. He could not print Bibles under severe penalty of the law. No doubt he would have been glad enough to do it. But the great British and Foreign Bible Society have long since avenged the interdict under which he suffered.

With the aid of only a few assistants Caxton printed sixty-four books in all, the period of their publication extending from 1471 to 1491.

This was a great triumph when we remember the difficulties under which he labored. His printing-press was a common screw-press, like a cheese-press or napkin-press, with a contrivance for running the form of types under the screw after the form was inked. Then he was compelled to make his own ink, and also the balls or dobbars with which to apply it. He also had to bind his own books; the lids, which, as Mr. Knight naively says, were "as thick as the panel of a door," were covered with leather and embossed with ingenious devices. There were large brass nails with ornamented heads on the outside of the cover, and magnificent corners to the lids. There were also heavy clasps, and paste and glue enough to last down to the present time. After binding came the selling. Caxton had to run all the risk of the sale, unless there were some kind-hearted appreciators who, like the Earl of Arundel, were generous enough "to grant him a yearly fee, that is to note, a buck in Summer and a doe in Winter."

But Caxton's four score years of useful work were about to terminate. On the 15th of June, 1490, he finished translating from the French, "The Art and Craft to Know Well to Die." We trust that the commencement of the book, though abrupt, indicated his own mental condition: "When it is so, that what a man maketh or doeth it is made to come to some end, and if the thing be good and well made it must needs come to good end; then by better and greater reason every man ought to intend in such wise to live in this world, in keeping the commandments of God, that he may come to a good end. And then out of this world, full of wretchedness and tribulations, he may go to heaven unto God and his saints, unto joy perdurable."

Caxton worked till death staid his hand. His body was followed to his grave in St. Margaret's church. His associates were sorrow-stricken. Their father was gone from them, and they felt lost without him. A printer's chapel was called, and Wynkyn de Worde was Father. Thus ran their deliberations—at least, so fancies Mr. Knight:

"Companions," said Wynkyn, "the good work will not stop."

"Wynkyn," said Richard Pynson, "who is to carry on the work?"

"I am ready," responded Wynkyn. He then added: "He died as he lived. The Lives of the Holy Fathers is finished, as far as the translator's labor. There is the rest of the copy. Read the words of the last page which I have written: 'Thus endeth the most virtu-

ous history of the devout and right-renowned lives of holy fathers living in desert, worthy of remembrance to all well-disposed persons, which hath been translated out of French into English by William Caxton, of Westminster, late dead, and finished at the last day of his life.'"

The printers whispered around, "God rest his soul!" They all wept. Then said William Machlinia despondingly, "Companion, is not this a hazardous enterprise?"

"I have encouragement," replied Wynkyn. "The Lady Margaret, his Highness's mother, gives me aid. So droop not, fear not; we will carry on the work briskly in our good master's house. So fill the case."

A shout arose to the roof. "But why should we fear?" continued Wynkyn. "You, Machlinia, you, Letton, and you, dear Richard Pynson, if you choose not to abide with your old companion here, there is work for you all in these good towns of Westminster, London, and Southwark. You have money; you know where to buy types. Printing *must* go forward."

"Always full of heart," said Pynson. "But you forget the statute of King Richard; we can not say, 'God rest his soul,' for our old master scarcely ever forgave him putting Lord Rivers to death. You forget the statute. We ought to know it, for we printed it. I can turn to the file in a moment. It is the act touching the merchants of Italy, which forbids them selling their wares in this realm. Here it is: 'Provided always that this act, or any part thereof, in no wise extend or be prejudicial of any let, hurt, or impediment to any artificer or merchant stranger, of what nation or country he be or shall be of, for bringing into this realm, or selling by retail or otherwise, of any manner of books written or imprinted.' Can we stand up against that if we have more presses than the old press of the Abbey of Westminster?"

"Ay, truly, we can, good friend," answered Wynkyn. "Have we any books in our stores? Could we ever print books fast enough? Are there not readers rising up on all sides? Do we depend upon the court? The mercers and the drapers, the grocers and the spicers of the city crowd here for our books. The rude uplandish men even take our books, they that our good masters rather vilipended. The tappers and taverners have our books. The whole country-side cries out for our ballads and our Robin Hood stories, and, to say the truth, the citizen's wife is as much taken with our King Arthurs and King Blanchardines as the most

noble knight that master Caxton ever desired to look upon in his green days of joasts in Burgundy. So fill the case."

"But if foreigners bring books into England," said cautious William Machlinia, "there will be more books than readers."

"Books make readers," rejoined the far-seeing Wynkyn. "Do you remember how timidly even our bold master went on before he was safe in his sell? Do you forget how he asked this lord to take a copy and that knight to give him something in fee? and how he bargained for his Summer venison and his Winter venison as an encouragement in his ventures? But he found a larger market than he ever counted upon, and so shall we all. Go ye forth, my brave fellows. Stay not to work for me if you can work better for yourselves. I fear no rivals."

"Why, Wynkyn," said Pynson, "you talk as if printing were as necessary as air, books as food, or clothing, or fire."

"And so they will be some day. What is to stop the want of books? Will one man have the command of books and another desire them not? The time may come when every man shall require books."

"Perhaps," said Letton, who had an eye to the political loaves and fishes, "the time may come when every man shall want to read an act of Parliament instead of the few lawyers who buy our acts now."

"Hardly so," grunted Wynkyn.

"Or, perchance, you think that when our sovereign liege meets his peers and commoners in Parliament it were well to print a book some month or two after to tell what the said Parliament said as well as ordained?"

"Nay, nay, you run me hard," said Wynkyn.

"And if within a month why not within a day? Why should n't we print the words as fast as they are spoken? We only want fairy fingers to pick up our types, and presses that Dr. Faustus and his devils may some day make to tell all London to-morrow morning what is done this morning in Westminster."

"Prithee, be serious," ejaculated Wynkyn. "Why do you talk such gallymaufry? I was speaking of possible things, and I really think the day may come when one person in a thousand may read books and buy books, and we shall have a trade almost as good as that of Armourers and Fletchers."

"The Bible!" exclaimed Pynson; "O, that we might print the Bible! I know of a copy of Wicliffe's Bible. That were indeed a book to print!"

"I have no doubt, Richard," replied Wynkyn, Vol. XXV.—47

"that the happy time may come when a Bible shall be chained in every church for every Christian man to look upon. You remember when our brother Hunte showed us the chained Bible in the library at Oxford? So a century or two hence a Bible may be found in every parish. Twelve thousand parishes in England! We should want more paper in that good day, Master Richard."

"You had better fancy at once," said Letton, "that every housekeeper will want a Bible. Heaven save the mark, how some men's imaginations run away with them!"

"I can not see," interposed Machlinia, "how we can venture upon more presses in London. Here are two. They have been worked well since the day when they were shipped at Cologne. Here are five good fonts of type, as much as a thousand weight: Great Primer, Double Pica, Pica—a large and small face—and Long Primer. They have well worked; they are pretty nigh worn out. What man would risk such an adventure after our good old master? He was a favorite at court and in cloister. He was well patronized. Who is to patronize us?"

"The people, I tell you," exclaimed Wynkyn. "The babe in the cradle wants an Absey-book; the maid at her distaff wants a ballad; the priest wants his Pie;* the young lover wants a romance of chivalry to read to his mistress; the lawyer wants his statutes; the scholar wants his Virgil and Cicero. They will all want more the more they are supplied. How many in England have a book at all, think you? Let us make books cheaper by printing more of them at once. The Churchwardens of St. Margaret's asked me six and eightpence for the volume that our master left the parish, for not a copy can I get if we should want to print again. Six and eightpence! That was exactly what he charged his customers for the volume. Print five hundred instead of two hundred, and we could sell it for three and fourpence."

"And ruin ourselves," said Machlinia. "Master Wynkyn, I shall fear to work for you if you go on so madly. What has turned your head?"

"Hearken," said Wynkyn. "The day our good master was buried I had no stomach for my home. I could not eat; I could scarcely look on the sunshine. There was a chill at my heart. I took the key of our office, for

* The Pie was a book regulating the Church service. The rules were extremely difficult, numerous, and somewhat confused. Hence *pi*, the printer's word for a mass of unsorted type.

you all were absent, and I came here in the deep twilight. I sat down in Master Caxton's chair. I sat till I fancied I saw him moving about, as he was wont to move, in his furred gown, explaining this copy to one of us and shaking his head at that proof to the other. I fell asleep. Then I dreamed a dream, a wild dream, but one that seems to have given me hope and courage. There I sat, in the old desk at the head of this room. The room gradually expanded. The four *frames* went on multiplying till they became innumerable. I saw *case* piled upon *case*, and *form* side by side with *form*. All was bustle and yet quiet in that room. Readers passed to and fro; there was a glare of many lights; all seemed employed in producing one folio, an enormous folio. In an instant the room had changed. I heard a noise as of many wheels. I saw sheets of paper covered with ink as quickly as I pick up this type. Sheet upon sheet, hundreds of sheets, thousands of sheets, came from forth the wheels, flowing in unstained, like corn from the hopper, and coming out printed, like flour to the sack. They flew around as if carried over the earth by the winds. Again the scene changed. In a cottage, an artificer's cottage, though it had many things in it which belonged to prince's palaces, I saw a man lay down his basket of tools and take up one of these sheets. He read it; he laughed; he looked angry; tears rose to his eyes; and then he read aloud to his wife and children. I asked him to show me the sheet. It was wet; it contained as many types as our 'Mirror of the World.' But it bore the date of 1844. I looked around and I saw shelves of books against that cottage wall—large volumes and small volumes—and a boy opened one of the large volumes and showed me numberless block-cuts; and the artificer, and his wife, and his children gathered around me, all looking with glee toward their books; and the good man pointed to an inscription on his book-shelves, and I read these words: MY LIBRARY A DUKEDOM. I woke in haste, and, whether awake or dreaming I know not, my master stood beside me and exclaimed, 'This is my fruit.' I have encouragement in this dream."

"Friend Wynkyn," said Pynson, "these are distempered visions. The press may go forward; I think it will go forward. But I am of the belief that the press will never work but for the great and the learned to any purpose of profit to the printer. How can we ever hope to send our wares abroad? We may hawk our ballads and our merry jests through London, but the citizens are too busy to heed

them, and the apprentices and serving men too poor to buy them. To the country we can not send them. Goodlack, imagine the poor peddler tramping with a pack of books to Bristol or Winchester! Before reaching either city through our wild roads he would have his throat cut, or be starved. Master Wynkyn, we shall always have a narrow market till the king mends his highways, and that will never be."

"I am rather for trying, master Wynkyn," said Letton, "some good cutting jest against our friends in the Abbey, such as Dan Chaucer expounded touching the friars. That would sell in these precincts."

"Hush!" exclaimed Wynkyn, "the good fathers are our friends, and, though some murmur against them, we might have worse masters."

"I wish they would let us print the Bible, though," ejaculated Pynson.

"The time will come, and that right soon," said the hopeful Wynkyn.

"So be it!" said one and all.

"But what fair sheet is that in your hand?" asked Pynson.

"Master Richard, we are all moving onward. This is English-made paper. Is it not better than the brown thick paper we have had from over the sea? How *he* would have rejoiced in this accomplishment of John Tate's longing trials! Ay, master Richard, this fair sheet was made in the new mill at Hertford, and well am I minded to use it in our Bartholomews, which I shall straightly put in hand when the Formschneider is ready. I have thought anent it, I have resolved on it, and I have indited some rude verses touching the matter, simple person as I am:

"For in this world to reckon every thing
Pleasure to man, there is none comparable
As is to read and understanding
In books of wisdom—they ben so delectable,
Which cowed to virtue and ben profitable;
And all that love such virtue been full glad
Books to renew, and cause them to be made.
And also of your charity call to remembrance
The soul of William Caxton, first printer of this book
In Latin tongue at Cologne, himself to advance,
That every well-disposed man may thereon look;
And John Tate the younger mote he brook,
Which hath late in England made this paper thin,
That now in English this book is printed in."

"Fairly rhymed, Wynkyn," said Letton. "But John Tate the younger is a bold fellow. Of a surety, England can never support a paper-mill of its own."

"Come to business," said William of Mechlin. They went to business, and the full harvest is not yet.

THE LAKE DISTRICT IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

BY REV. R. B. WELCH.

NUMBER II.

THE readers of the Repository may remember that we have already written of Lakes Cayuga and Seneca.

Canandaigua is the last of the group of lakes in Central New York westward; and the village is the wealthiest and among the most beautiful in the State. Main-street stretches away from the Lake for a mile or more to the summit of the ridge, lined throughout its whole length by lofty trees, and verdant grass-plats between the carriage-way and the side-walks. County buildings, State arsenal, churches, and schools are mingled with the best residences along this street, and a glimpse of the Lake completes the attractions of the place. A tongue of land, and then an artificial causeway, conducts to the neat little steamer which waits in navigable water. Excursions are frequent on this fairy Lake, and we find a pleasant company on board, chiefly to-day from the village of Canandaigua. The last bell calls the loiterers, and we move up the Lake. After an acquaintance with the larger and more pretentious sisters of the group, Cayuga and Seneca, we feared that Canandaigua might suffer by the comparison. We looked out from the deck of the steamer with somewhat of anxiety. But the day at least was favorable; the best indeed that we had found on the lakes. The play of light and shade was perfect. There were just clouds enough, not dark and heavy, but of that friendly kind, fleecy and light, to screen from without obscuring the sun, and shade without blackening the fields; and just breeze enough to keep the clouds in gentle but constant motion. And then the harvest was near, and the golden grain on the upland and the emerald grass in the meadows waved gracefully at the breath of the breeze that stirred the clouds; while the timely rain of the previous evening had cleared away no less timely, and left the atmosphere clearer than crystal, and the fields and the forests smiling with gladness. It was long before we felt assured that the comparison under these favoring circumstances would be safe for the last and least of the lakes. The gentle shores were rounding upward rapidly into bolder, though not less graceful heights than those that guard Cayuga or Seneca. The Lake swayed gracefully in its course, and surprised us with a charming view of the lofty Genundewah, the classic mountain of the great Iroquois Confederacy—revered especially by the

Senecas as the place of their birth. There, in the distance, the Lake seems to terminate. But it is only because Genundewah darkens it with its deep shadow, and the loftier hills beyond close so majestically around it. Here it is one and a half miles wide. Its clear surface flashes in the sunlight. Pleasure parties, with sail or oars, are out angling for trout, white fish, and pickerel, which abound in these sweet waters. Ravines and gorges, that break down from the summit, are filled with trees that beautifully border the fertile fields.

Canandaigua, hitherto in fair view, is just vanishing from our sight, so that we catch only a glimpse of its court-dome and church-spires. There, in the days of their prosperity, stood a village of the Senecas, Ganadarque by name, signifying "chosen spot." Their civilized successors have paid the Indians a twofold compliment in appropriating the beautiful and significant name to the village and the lake. Here—as well as along the Seneca—are tongues of land skirted with trees that are interlocked and overhung with wild grape-vines. We have just landed at one of these, Seneca Point. Farther on is Wildie's Point, containing a fine grove and thirty acres of land. To occupy these charming points, clubs have been formed with constitution and by-laws and incorporated rights. Here they build and furnish cabins in attractive style, supply their boats and fishing-tackle, placing every thing in charge of officers properly elected, and at the season resort thither for recreation and rest. Seven of these clubs have been formed, which have built club-houses upon the margin of the Lake. These are owned principally by the better citizens of Canandaigua and adjacent villages. Six of these are located on the west side of the Lake. The Genundewah Club has settled down on the east side, at the foot of Genundewah Mount. The Black Pointers was first formed twenty-six years ago. The term of their lease having expired, while they were renewing it a new club, the Foresters, adroitly purchased the ground and dislodged their predecessors. In retaliation the Black Pointers gave them the sobriquet of "The Forty Thieves." The water is so deep at these points that the steamer makes an easy landing against the very shore, contributing new delegates to the Club, and receiving others in turn.

Mt. Genundewah beautifully rounded to the summit 800-1,000 feet high, rises regularly, covered with cultivated fields or luxuriant forests in alternation. On its side is an Indian wigwam, like those of the primitive days; and on the top of the mountain is an old Indian

orchard, the trees moss-grown and gnarled, at the same time an emblem and a monument of the race which planted them. Here the Senecas claimed their birth from Mt. Genundewah. Hence their name Senecas, "the people of the Great Hill." Around this mount they were accustomed to gather in council or on festal occasions. In the infancy of the tribe a young reptile was found, which was cherished with great care. At length it became an immense serpent, threatening the destruction of its protectors. It encircled the hill in its huge folds. A terrible contest ensued. All fell a sacrifice except a woman and two children. A dream revealed to her the means of destroying the monster, by piercing him with charmed arrows. The dying serpent plunged into the lake. In his distress he disgorged the human victims on the shore. Pebbles are found of the size and shape of human skulls. These are declared by the Indians to be the petrified skulls of the Senecas. In the course of time, subsequent to this disaster, the Senecas became the most numerous and powerful tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy.

Beyond Genundewah another mountain 1,200 feet high stretches away in the distance for five miles. It is densely covered with forest, chiefly of hard wood, interspersed with occasional evergreens, thus fitting it for a fine effect, especially when adorned with the varied hues of Autumn. The Lake contracts between the mountain sides. The shores rise up sheer into steep rock precipices, so that pleasure parties on the tongues of land and in the club-houses, perfectly secluded between the Lake and the cliffs, are exposed to no possible interruption. Rapidly now the scenery grows bold and wild, reminding one of the approach to the Trossachs at the foot of Loch Katrine. Sixteen miles are accomplished. The black-capped mountain that rises up before us, towering above the rest, is Hatch Mountain. We are at the head of the Lake. The steam-whistle is reëchoed by the surrounding highlands till it seems the bewildering scream of a thousand affrighted genii of the hills. Where we step on shore a joyous cascade comes leaping down the mountain to greet us. In the neighborhood is Parish Gorge, the grandest on the Lake, while Naples nestles in the valley among the hills amid the modest but prolific graperies that may one day rival the vineyards of Italy.

Toward evening we enjoyed a delightful sail down the Lake. The declining sun was crowning the fair Genundewah with a golden diadem. Changeful shadows arrayed the Lake in opal beauty. Passing clouds, sporting at first peacefully in the heavens, lent the charm of light,

and shade, and form, and motion to upland and vale. But at length mustering darkly they stormed the hights of Genundewah, tore away her crown of gold, frowned fiercely upon the trembling Lake till her opal beauty departed with affright, banished the charm of light and shade from forest and field, and with thunders and lightnings and a showery flood made the scene sublime. But soon its fury ceased. The sun reappeared in glory. A brilliant rainbow spanned the Lake, arching our entrance to the town; and with the departing day we bade adieu to Canandaigua, hoping at no distant future to renew our pleasant acquaintance.

JEAN INGELOW'S POEMS.

BY REV. T. M. GRIFFITH.

DR. JOHNSON, in one of those ponderous sentences for which he is remarkable, speaks disparagingly of those who complain "that praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that undue honors are paid to antiquity," and says that such complainers either "hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox," or, being "forced upon consolatory expedience," hope that "the regard now denied by envy will be at last restored by time." Notwithstanding this stunning utterance of the great thunderer, there are not wanting sensible men who continue to complain that antiquity "lends enchantment to the view," and receives "the honors that belong only to excellence." From the long list of "British poets," whose works, in uniform binding, form a striking feature in every large library, one half at least may be selected whose equals in all that constitutes true poets adorn the present century. Yet how strange it would seem, almost sacrilege to some, to substitute Massey, and Mackay, and Mrs. Browning, and Jean Ingelow for Prior, Dryden, and others of a still more venerable age, who flourish in the red uniform of Little and Brown!

One of the surest marks of poetic genius is a power to appreciate and accurately describe those unobtrusive and seemingly insignificant resources of nature which, though almost hidden from the common eye, are powerful to reach and move the heart. In the great soul of the world the bells are set ringing, but the cords are invisible that reach to the myriad powers which make the gleeful music; the harp-strings are swept by invisible fingers; the poet traces the chords to their secret origin—discovers the hand that strikes the strings of

the great world harp and awakes the diapason of poetic passion. In the poems before us we are particularly struck with the exceeding subtilty of insight which selects the beautiful from the varied phenomena of nature. The descriptions are most lifelike and beautiful, reminding one of the remark of an ancient critic—"a poem is a speaking picture." For instance, the following:

"Crowds of bees are busy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

It would be difficult to define the charm which any lover of true poetry can not fail to recognize in the simple conception expressed in the last line of the above stanza. In the opening stanzas of "Scholar and Carpenter" the landscape seems to live before the eye. We readily follow the wanderer "to the lanes" amid the "ripening corn," and the whole surroundings rise to view as by the wand of a magician. The great outlines are unnoticed; we see *little* things:

"The goldfinch on a thistle-head
Stood scattering seedlets while she fed;
The wrens their pretty gossip spread,
Or joined a random roundelay.
On hanging cobwebs shone the dew,
And thick the wayside clovers grew;
The feeding bee had much to do,
So fast did honey-drops exude;
She sucked, and murmured, and was gone,
And lit on other blossoms anon,
The while I learned a lesson on
The source and sense of quietude.
For sheep-bells chiming from a wold,
Or bleat of lamb within its fold,
Or cooing of love legends old
To dove-wives make not quiet less;
Ecstatic chirp of winged thing,
Or bubbling of the water-spring,
Are sounds that more than silence bring,
Itself and its delightsomeness."

There is a picture from nature that would have made the heart of a Wordsworth leap to behold. Nothing could be more completely Wordsworthian than the italicized line. Here are a few little diamonds which we take from their places and lay together promiscuously:

"Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties."
"Up comes the lily and dries her bell."
"Queen hollyhocks with butterflies for crowns."
"The lovely laughter of the wind-swayed wheat."
"The blackcaps in an orchard met,
Praising the berries while they ate;

The finch that flew her beak to whet
Before she joined them on the tree;
The water-mouse among the reeds,
His bright eyes glancing black as beads,
So happy with a bunch of seeds—
I felt their gladness heartily."

Thus far we have directed our attention specially to the delicacy and beauty of detail apparent in the sketches of nature contained in the volume. But these colorings from nature are generally used to fill the background and form the side-views of the poetic conception looking out from the canvas—the flowing drapery of the form that breathes, fresh from the hand of creative genius. Almost every poem has a central conception; it would be difficult to find one in such a group of reflections as that of Beattie's "Minstrel" or Goldsmith's "Traveler." Sometimes the plan and the main design are of little account compared with the attending features—as a thread may connect pearls, yet the pearls alone are of much value. The poem of Jean Ingelow entitled "Honors" may be considered one of this class. The idea running through it may, perhaps, be thus expressed; to *deserve* success is better than to *win* it. "The Star's Monument" is another of the same kind. After thirty pages of brilliant versification the conclusion is reached that work is better than fame—more enduring, more satisfying. But it needs not a poet's inspired tongue to tell us such truths as these. The flowery meads of sentiment that stretch away on either side the way are often more attractive than the end in view. Not so, however, with the first poem in the book, "Divided." Two friends walk to a tiny fountain, kneel beside it, part the dewy grasses, to find the stream beyond, and follow it as it tinkles on its way; one steps over, but the stream is so narrow that they can still go hand in hand; the beck grows wider and the hands are severed; songs have ceased and hearts are numb; voices are drowned in the loud waters; no crossing now; they "walk and weep;"

"The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears."

The two walk on with the "moon's own sadness" in their faces, amid the "piping of leaf-hid birds," on the shores of the broad, white river,

"And wave their hands for a mute farewell."

Across where stately prows rising and bowing bear down the lily and drown the reed, the brimming eye follows the moving speck on the

far-off side till it melts away. But there is a bond which no distance can sever—

"Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

Here is unity of conception developed by the sweet and powerful influences of rhythmical expression. Similar to this last is the one with the title, "A Dead Year:"

"I took a year out of my life and story—
A dead year, and said, 'I will hew thee a tomb.'"

But the dead past could not be buried from remembrance, the heart would cling to its own dead loves and sorrows. Then there is "The Letter L," of some length and exquisite in pathos and beauty; "Brothers and a Sermon," very much like Longfellow's "Children of the Lord's Supper," and fully equal to it in tenderness, piety, and simple eloquence; and the gem of the volume, "Songs of Seven." The child of seven years prattles exultingly of its little life-world; "seven times two" walks wondering and hoping in her new-found realm of romance; "seven times three" is in love, sits listening in the pauses of the nightingale's song for a footstep.

"Yon night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle, or sleep;
Yon glow-worms shine out and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.

By the sycamore passed he, and through the white
clover,

Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright."

"Seven times four" sings the song of maternity; "seven times five" wails in widowhood; heart may bleed but *must* not break,

"For children wake, though fathers sleep
With a stone at foot and at head;
O, sleepless God, forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!"

Then follow "Giving in Marriage" and "Longing for Home," the last so touchingly plaintive that we must quote again. The lone mourner of "seven times seven" sings her song of a boat "that lightly rocked to a port remote:"

"Long I looked out for the lad she bore
On the open, desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah, me!

There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,

Soft and warm, and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

Can I call that home where my nest was set
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be;
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah, me!"

Was ever such a mingling of earthly desolateness and heavenly hope expressed in such moving, plaintive numbers?

"Requiescat in Pace" has all the weird, witching interest of Poe's "Raven," except the charm of the measure. Poetical conceptions of rare beauty are often found detached from any center and independent of any grouping of sentiment. The reader will notice the singular sweetness that lingers in the first two lines following, partly in the sentiment itself, but principally perhaps in the felicitous expression:

"O, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear on the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing his glory wrong."

Not the least rare and excellent quality of these poems is the piety that breathes through them here and there. Some of the most brilliant literary men of the present age would consider it rather as something to be ashamed of to be called "pious;" they utter the word with a kind of literary sneer. The poison of the serpent lurks in their writings. So, also, many of the honored men of song that belong to a past age keep religion on the background, as though it were a weakness to cherish it. Burns is little better than remorseful, but not repentant, in some of his gloomy moods; Scott sings like a minstrel of heathen ages, as heartlessly as though he had never heard of Jesus and heaven; while Byron seems to think sin gives a *spice* to his scenes and heroes. But

here we feel the loveliness of evangelical faith and hope, see a Christ, and hear his pitiful voice saying to the soul "despairing of the sun that sets," and of the "earthly love that wanes," and of "the heaven that lieth far off," that there is a sun of comfort and a heaven of sympathy divine.

"Behold, the house

Is dark, but there is brightness where the sons
Of God are singing; and behold, the heart
Is troubled, yet the nations walk in white,
They have forgotten how to weep; and thou
Shalt also come, and I will foster thee
And satisfy thy soul; and thou shalt warm
Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God."

A TRIP TO MARTHA'S VINEYARD CAMP-GROUND.

BY REV. M. L. SCUDDER, A. M.

A KIND friend, one of the finance committee having charge of the camp-ground at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, generously proposed to secure me a tent, and I made arrangements to spend two or three weeks of sultry August on that famous camp-ground. Purposely I provided to divide the time so as to have the advantages of the place during its season of social recreation, and the week of exclusively religious services. I propose to tell what I saw, and the impressions made upon me by my visit.

This grove of the Vineyard has been used for thirty years for an annual camp meeting. Its history is associated with the spiritual quickening of many Christian hearts, and with the deliverance of many sinners from darkness to light. For twenty years the gathering here was limited to a week's continuance, and its object was exclusively religious. For the last ten years, and each year more than the former one, it has come to be a place where many of the families of our people go, from one to three weeks, previous to the strictly religious meeting, for the benefit of the sea air, and bathing, and to enjoy the pleasant social and select society that are accustomed to gather there. It is rather a novel practice, and if not exclusively, more extensively practiced at this camp-ground than any other, and has become the occasion of divided sentiment as to its influence on the results of the religious meeting itself. Curiosity, from what I had heard, induced me to be watchful, and I will write what I saw respecting the social recreation and religious phases of this great camp gathering.

The place is well designed for all the purposes to which it is appropriated. The grove,

that is formed by wide-spreading venerable oaks, extends over many acres. The land is slightly undulating and sandy, with a thin surface soil preserving it from mud in a wet season, and from dust in time of drought. Several wells furnish an abundance of pure, soft, cool water. The region, for some miles around the encampment, is so sparsely populated as to prevent any annoyance from the local inhabitants. The access to the grounds is chiefly by water. The landing is near enough to be convenient, and being within the limit of the distance prescribed by State law to give its control to the finance committee, prevents any improper traffic, and any demoralizing influences from those who might be disposed to introduce them. The order, both at the camp-ground and its surroundings, is probably not equaled, certainly not excelled, by any similar place in the country. The dwellers of the grove feel a perfect security in property or person.

Having first become *settled* in my own hired tent, I naturally next made a survey of the encampment. The liberality, good judgment, and taste displayed in laying out the grounds, impresses one at once with their attractiveness and convenience. Surely it is no objection to the piety of David or Solomon that order, beauty, and grandness enter into the designs of the temple; nor can it be said to the discredit of the men who planned and executed the furnishings of this ground, that they were narrow-minded and mean. Every thing for the public services of religion are ample, well-arranged, and finished. The "stand" is a neat hexagonal, sufficiently large to seat about thirty ministers, shingled, latticed, painted, and set-teed, and so arranged that the audience is brought in pleasant nearness to the speaker. The seats for the congregation are permanently placed in circular arrangement, with backs, and painted white. They can accommodate at least three thousand persons. Around the ample circle are twenty spacious society tents; no private tents or cottages are admitted on this line. During the "meeting week" these are occupied chiefly by those who spend only a few days on the ground. Around these tents runs a wide avenue, out of which, as the radii of a circle, proceed other avenues. Some of these lead to pleasant parks, and fronting on these avenues and parks are not less than *five hundred private tents and cottages*; about one hundred being of the latter kind. Every variety of taste is exhibited in the construction of these habitations in the woods. Some of the cottages are simply one story, perhaps small at that, and hardly painted; others have two stories,

and give evidence of architectural genius in their proportions and ability in their finish. The rage is increasing for cottages, and it will not be many years before the canvas dwelling will be superseded by the more pretentious and substantial one of wood and paint. As might be supposed, these private edifices, as they are designed for longer occupancy than is common at camp meetings, exhibit also more outlay and taste in their furnishings. Every thing looks to the comfort of the occupant. The tents are double, with board floors and carpeted; they have bedsteads and every variety of chair for ease and rest. The cottages have all these, and usually more, that indicates almost luxury, if not display. One can live in them with little less inconvenience than at home. But few of the people "board themselves." Private individuals, licensed by the committee, and under their surveillance, furnish food for the multitude, and they do it at reasonable rates and good in quality. The police arrangements of the grounds can not be improved. Any attempt at rowdiness or disorder would be instantly suppressed, and the offender warned and compelled to leave. So well is this understood, that the exercise of official authority in this direction is of very rare occurrence. The order of the largest congregations resembles more the quiet of the Church at home than the promiscuous gathering of ten thousand people in the woods. So much for the material arrangements of the place. What shall be said of the people, and how they are employed? What brings them thither, and what is the influence on religious life and character?

I found on my arrival, about ten days before the religious meeting began, about five hundred persons, composing the families living on the ground. They were generally from the principal cities and towns of Rhode Island and Eastern Massachusetts, and representing, generally, the leading men and families of the Methodist Church in these places, persons well known at home for their liberality, their love of the Church, and for personal piety. Not world-loving, pleasure-seeking men and women; but persons of intelligence, self-respect, spiritually-minded—noble samples of Christian quality. I found their general conversation to be respecting things that appertain to godliness, or of the welfare of the Church and society. A few present were from other evangelical Churches, and the whole formed as good a community of Christian people as I have ever met. Every day's intercourse increased my respect and love for them. They had come beforehand to enjoy the pure air, the good society, and the healthy

sea-breezes and bathings that they found there. Not wishing to take their families to the mixed, and often doubtful society of public watering-places by the seaside, these men had come to enjoy with them all the benefits, without the exposures and drawbacks of such places.

This practice of anticipating the time of religious services at camp meeting is new. Is it, therefore, improper or injurious? As the thing promises to be common, at least in reference to this camp-ground, the question we have asked is one of great interest, and correctly answered may have influence on the conduct of many people. It is well to consider it wisely.

It is not certain that any thing new is an improvement. But all improvements must at some time be novelties. There are those who reject as bad every thing new because it is different from their previous conceits and practices. They must run the machine in precisely the same old grooves. And when this prejudice takes the form of proprieties in religion, it is apt to be very exacting and unyielding, and the changes that transpire in the habits and tastes of society, or the changes in the circumstances of community, that make corresponding changes in the demands upon it, are hardly recognized or allowed. Then, too, it is often seen that what is desirable and practicable in one region of country, but is not in another, is condemned as unfitting and injurious, because it does not admit of universal application. These remarks may aid us in deciding the value of the social and recreative feature of the Martha's Vineyard encampment. To adopt this feature to any extent in most of the camp meetings held in this country would be unadvisable, if not impracticable. Their locations would unfit them for such an end. Their proximity to large cities and their great thoroughfares would expose them to confusion and dissipation. They offer no advantages for the pleasant and healthful change to the invigorating sea-air and bathing, and they could give none of the immunities and protections required to preserve a strictly domestic society. These would be prohibitions, and to attempt to use such places for recreation would be a failure. But to deny it to this favored spot, because others have not its advantages, would show a prejudice and narrow-mindedness unworthy of candid and enlightened judgment.

The apparent necessity for such a resort justifies the prudential arrangements to furnish it. Thousands of people, living remote from the sea, find it desirable for health to go to the coast in the Summer months. This hegira from the cities is inevitable. Every place where

only passable accommodations can be found is crowded with these visitors of every class and character. The society of such places is often of the most questionable kind. The irreligious, the profane, the extravagant, and not unfrequently the lewd and licentious, crowd together with those who are moral and religious. A pious parent, who takes his family into such an ill-assorted community, may well fear that the perils of temptation will more than offset all the physical advantages they can hope to derive. In seeking for health of the body, he is jeopardizing the health of their morals. The sacred watchfulness to guard the integrity of social life at the Vineyard, enables him to find a place with all the benefits he seeks, without the perils that attend most public seaside resorts. The acquaintances here formed are such as one would wish to make, and could profitably be cultivated afterward.

But a stranger will ask, How is the time spent in this inviting spot? Is it an elysian of idleness? Far from it. After the morning meal the great bell of the encampment strikes at eight, and the people gather with one consent to family prayers in one or two of the large society tents. It is an interesting and impressive scene. Parents and children from various parts unite in listening to the Divine Word, and in singing His praise, and in thankful prayer for the mercies of the night, and for guidance during the day. After this some are found preparing for the sea-bath, the facilities for which can not be excelled on the whole Atlantic coast. Others are out for a pleasant sail; others for the excitement of a fishing excursion. As the afternoon advances groups will be formed and give interest to the hour by stirring sacred song. Two evenings of the week are occupied with general prayer meetings, and one with general class meetings. To listen to the prayers and hearty Christian experiences uttered at these times, one would hardly dream that any thing dissipating to piety could have affected the worshipers during the day. On another evening the mammoth tent is crowded by a company convened to consider what can be done to give interest and profit to our Sunday schools, and a number of the best superintendents of our schools in Eastern cities, and others, contributed to make the occasion intensely interesting. On another evening the theme for discussion was, What will more effectually secure our young people to the Church and preserve them in its influence? The young people on the ground are present to be benefited by the meeting. The Sabbath days of the weeks of recreation have all the sanctity of

the New England type, with regular preaching in the day and the prayer meeting of the evening. Whoever thinks to find these grounds the theater for a promiscuous picnic, or a place for dissipation and excess, will be greatly disappointed, and instead will find it a place for cheerful quiet, domestic order, and regulated by all the laws of social religious constraint.

One question remains to be answered. How does the social and recreative life of the encampment affect the services of the strictly religious week? The answer might be given by asking in reply, Why should it affect them unfavorably? The great multitude who attend these come only for this week. These can not be influenced by what has preceded. Those who had anticipated the time by their dwelling in the grove were quite as well prepared for religious service as if they had just come from their various homes. To all appearance this latter class were among the most punctual and zealous laborers of all who took part in the meetings. If orderly, attentive listening to the Word; if earnest evangelical preaching; if cheerful heart singing; if devout and earnest praying; if the utterance of rich Christian experience; if the baptism of the Spirit on believers and increasing holiness; if occasional conversions; if all these are tests to determine the quality and fruits of a religious meeting, they were all strikingly manifest at the camp meeting at Martha's Vineyard in 1865.

SLEEPING.

BY LIZZIE NACE M'FARLAND.

A GRAY old man—his cane one withered hand
Clasps tightly, as if life hung by that grasp,
The other elbow'd on the easy chair,
Receives the drooping head. A listless smile
Plays o'er the placid features, while the breath
Comes slow and softly as if life went on
Without cognition. He sleeps this Autumn day,
This day of rest. Each separate leaf is still,
Crimson and gold, russet and paler brown,
Umber and glossy green, and flecked with rose,
All resting in the sunshine, while the haze
Melts in the dreamy distance of the hills.
He dreams perhaps; not of the bustling scenes
And fester'd cares which furrow'd cheek and brow,
Not of the hopes he nurs'd in manhood's prime,
Not of the franchise of his town or State;
All these oblivion's waves are washing out,
While childhood's morning radiance softly gilds
The dim horizon of his mental sight.
See how the hard, deep lines which care has worn
Are softening! The storm and stress are over;
The keener zest, the ardent hope, the joy
Toned down to quiet satisfaction.

HOME COMFORTS.

"WHERE are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson as her husband rose from the tea-table and took his hat.

"O, I am going out," was the careless response.

"But where?" asked his wife.

"But what odds does it make, Emma?" returned her husband. "I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly on a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, requiring an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said in a kind but tremulous tone. "If I can not have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George; I know nothing positively about you when you are away."

"Pooh! pooh! would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I do not feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings I go to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, till I feel troubled and uneasy. O, if you would only stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Aha! I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me here every evening."

"Well, can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now."

"Ah," said George with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue to do so, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of your plans was to make a home."

"And have n't we got one, Emma?"

"We have certainly a place in which to live," answered the wife somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued George. "Besides," he added, with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has the charge of it, and all her work is there, while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"Well, I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "And you must remember that we both need relaxation from labor; we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment, and what time have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be my home of an evening as well as the day-time and in the night?"

"Well, is n't it?" asked George.

"How can it be when you are not here at all? What makes a home for children if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And what real home comforts can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? You do not consider how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the happiest hours of home-life might be passed, if we determined it should be so. Come, will you spend a few of your evenings with me?"

"You see enough of me as it is," said the husband lightly.

"Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here all alone."

"Not if it was my place of business, as it is yours," returned the young man. "You are used to staying here. All wives belong at home."

"Just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage I had pleasant society all the time. Of course, I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters, and our evenings were happily spent. Finally, I gave up all for you. I left the old home and sought a home with my husband. And now have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening while you were obliged to remain here alone?"

"Why, I should like it well enough."

"Ah! but I know you would not be willing to try it."

"Yes I would," said George at a venture.

"Will you remain here every evening next

week and allow me to spend my time among my female friends?"

"Certainly I will," he replied, "and I confidently assure you I shall not be as lonesome as you imagine."

With this the husband went out and was soon among his friends. He was an industrious man, and loved his wife truly, but like thousands of others he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought it no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be that it was a place that his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink, and sleep as long as he could pay for it. In short, he treated it as a sort of private boarding-house, of which his wife was landlady; and if he paid all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured upon any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and keep house.

"What will you do when I am gone?" Emma asked.

"O, I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

"Very well," said Emma, "I shall be back early."

The wife went out and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock and then he began to yawn, and looked frequently at the clock. The book did not interest him as usually. Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively he turned as though he would read it aloud; but there was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight o'clock he rose from his chair and began to pace the floor and whistle. Then he went and got his flute and played several of his favorite airs. After this he got a chess-board and played a game with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor and whistled again. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

"Well, George," said she, "I am back in good time. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Capitally," returned the husband; "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself?"

"O, splendidly!" said his wife; "I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away

from home. Home is a dull place, after all, is n't it?"

"Why, no, I can't say that it is," returned George, carelessly. "In fact," he added, "I rather like it."

"I am glad of that," retorted Emma, "for we shall have a nice, comfortable week of it."

George winced at this, but he kept his countenance and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go off again.

"I shall be back in good time," she said.

"Where are you going, Emma?" her husband asked.

"O, I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before, but he found it a difficult task. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes on that empty chair, and the thought would come, "how pleasant it would be if she were here!" The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the steps of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself after he had listened for some time in vain, "this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late."

But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At a quarter to ten Emma came home.

"A little late, am I not?" she said, looking up at the clock. "But I fell in with some old friends. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First-rate," returned George bravely. "I think home is a capital place."

"Especially when a man can have it all to himself," added the wife with a sidelong glance at her husband. But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate about leaving.

"Where do you think of going?" George asked in an undertone.

"I may drop in to see uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy. You will know I'm safe."

"O, certainly," said her husband; but when left to his own reflections he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read, he could not play, or enjoy himself in any way, while the chair was empty. In short, he found that home had no real comfort without his wife. The one thing needed to make George Wilson's home pleasant was not present.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do when she is here all alone? It must be so," he pursued thoughtfully; "it is just as she says. Before we were married she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable."

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and communed with himself.

"I can't stand this," said he, "I should die in a week. If Emma were here I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is! And only eight o'clock! I declare, I've a mind to walk down as far as uncle John's and see if she is there. It would be a relief if I could only see her. I won't go in. She sha'n't know yet that I hold out so faintly."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps toward uncle John's. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along with his eyes bent upon the pavement, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said in surprise, "can this be you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And do you pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word; and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George; will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband.

She then took his arm and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her things she sat down in her chair and looked at the clock.

"You are home very early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half smiling and half tearful she said, "I will confess the truth, George—I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening, but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone I wanted to be with you.

It did n't seem right. I have n't enjoyed myself at all. I have not any home but this."

"Say you so?" cried George, moving his chair to his wife's side and taking one of her hands. "Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my wife was absent. I thought I would walk down to uncle John's and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached."

He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm, "I have learned a good lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and if you love me as I love you—which, of course, I can not doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are here to enjoy it."

Emma was far too happy to express her joy in words; but she expressed it, nevertheless, and in a manner not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home, and the longer he enjoyed this comfort the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth that it takes two to make a happy home, and if the wife is one party the husband must be the other.

LIGHT AND PEACE.

BY ELLEN E. MACK.

THEY were the last words of a loved one's speech,
Given to our comfort, given us to teach
How the Christian pilgrim passeth away
From earth's shadowy night to heaven's shadowless day.

Light on the "ever green mountains of life,"
Peace on those plains that never view strife;
The shed blood of brothers ne'er crimsoned the sod
Where the white lilies bloom in the eden of God.

Peace like an anthem, "peace like a river,"
Poureth its tides through the spirit forever,
Where seraph and cherubim share in accord
The ineffable light of the "smile of the Lord."

Sweet words! After life's conflicts, after its career,
After the clouds which earth's sky often wears,
How blest to the pilgrim the boon that is given—
The light, and the peace, and the glories of heaven!

The Children's Repository.

KITTY WINSLOW'S CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. A. D. FIELD.

KITTY WINSLOW had been in the habit of spending Christmas, that great day of joy to the little folks and of blessings to the poor, in many and often frivolous ways. When she was eighteen, and of age, she resolved to have a new kind of Christmas. A dashing sleigh was rigged out, drawn by a fine span of bays dancing to the tune of merry bells, taking the sleigh with its burden along the lanes around Rockville. With James Harman to drive, and his sister to assist, Kitty went out to wish a new sort of people a merry Christmas. First, she visited sundry persons whose piety she had learned to revere, while meeting them in the social meetings of the Rockville Church. Mr. Winslow, on becoming a member of the Church, wished to become acquainted with the doings of the Church he had joined, and at once subscribed for the Christian Advocate, the weekly family paper published by the Methodist Church. The editors had expressed the thought that an act of kindness would be done if those who were well off would send the Advocate to any who were not able to take it. Kitty acted upon this hint and procured of her pastor the names of those who were thus deserving, and upon these she called first in her merry Christmas trip.

She called at the house of father Brown. He had been for years an active member of the Church, and had obtained a living by day labor. He was now laid up with a broken limb. His means were scanty, but by braiding whiplashes and making ax helvies he was enabled to earn something. He was not really wanting the necessities of life, but a newspaper was a luxury he could not afford to indulge in.

"Well, father Brown," Kitty said on entering his humble dwelling, escorted by the good man's wife, "a merry Christmas to you. How do you get along these days? Are you ever lonesome?"

"'There is a Friend'—you know the rest; but you know I have not been to church for six months, and I have read up all the books in the house. My old Advocate, which I used to take, comes no more, and I do really become lonely. People are too busy to visit me often; and I was thinking to-day, as the new year

came on, that I would do almost any thing to get my old paper again to keep me company, if no more."

We need not stay to rehearse the kindly words. Suffice it to say that Kitty on leaving dropped a sealed envelope on the table, and was gliding away after the silver bells ere father Brown could return a word of thanks. The envelope read outside as follows: "Christmas Gift." Within was the following note:

"Please look each week next year for the Advocate, and receiving it as a Christmas present, remember

"Yours, KITTY WINSLOW."

Kitty distributed as many as a dozen such envelopes that day. And if you wish my opinion, I think for the persons to whom they were given they were the most fitting gifts that could have been chosen.

Away dashed Kitty and her load, up hill, down hill, through the drifts, over the ice; what a merry Christmas! On every side other sleighs jostle hers. All sorts of errands filled the heads of the gay people. Merry, jesting, frivolous loads were bound for the distant grand Christmas ball. Other loads were going to Christmas gatherings to demolish cakes and turkeys with old-time friends. Kitty had often gone on such errands; now she was trying a new amusement. The sleigh, by order, turned up a stumpy, untraveled lane. Just under one of the high bluffs of the Hudson, and leaning against the rocks, they found a tumble-down cabin, made by placing slabs upright with a loose board roof. Into this Kitty, with Sarah Harman, entered. A few old stumps lay piled in the end of the house which answered for a fireplace, and shivering over the fire sat a dreary woman with her children. The mother was dressed in a tattered calico gown, unfit to be seen by intruding eyes. Her face was resting upon her two-hands, and her black, haggard eyes were so intently glaring into the smoldering fire, she scarce noticed the young women who were admitted by a frowsy-haired, barefooted girl of fourteen. Two small children sat whimpering in the corner crying for bread. A kettle simmered on the fire, from which protruded the grissled bone of a beef shank, and this, if you had searched, would have been all the food you would have found there in that forlorn habitation.

The woman was once Carrie Landon, loved, and petted, and spoiled! She had been one of the most dashing girls that attended school in the old Centralia school-house. She always had a frown or a sneer for ill-dressed school-fellows, and called Billy Jones with bitter taunt, a

drunkard's son! All bowed to Carrie, and verily thought her worthy of worship.

Most of her schoolmates, inexperienced in the world's ways, had no other thought but that she would shine in the world as the wife of some merchant or lawyer. Carrie passed forth into life, and the less favored ones saw her often passing the streets on the arm of some glittering one. They had not yet learned that all is not gold that glitters. Years passed. She married a dashing clerk. This dashing clerk took to bad ways and sank down lower and lower. In her womanhood Carrie was often seen walking the streets gathering clothes to wash. It was the old story of rum and ruin.

A week before Kitty's visit the slothful, gambling husband had gone to New York, allaying the cries of his children by the assurance that he was going to find business. It is no matter to us now what became of him; we are out Christmasing with Kitty. Kitty was not working at random. She had made careful inquiries the day before. She knew the woman had womanly pride left about her yet, and was not ready to acknowledge herself a beggar. But delicately Kitty pressed a bundle of Christmas gifts upon the family. And what was better for persons in such circumstances, Kitty brought them work. There was no work of her own the woman or her daughter could do, so she turned trader and bought yarn for mittens, which she gave the mother and daughter to knit for so much a pair. These Kitty intended to dispose of in some manner, it does not now concern us how. When Kitty left, the children sprung to the paper bundle. A chicken; a loaf of bread; four pair of shoes! Children never despair in any position. Who ever heard of a child committing suicide? These children were as gleeful over the bundle as any set of children ever were over stuffed stockings; and I am sure the reader will think the contents would do them more good than the tin trumpets and candy dolls many children receive. But the mother only covered her face still closer, and hiding her eyes with her apron she wept tears that burned down her haggard cheek. O how memory flew back to other and happier Christmas days! That bundle, disguise itself as it would as a Christmas gift, was a token of the destitution to which she was reduced, which, in her pride, she was striving to hide from herself, and she was almost tempted to rise and fling it after the joyous sleigh. A moment's thought turned her to better views, and she asked herself in her bitterness whether God had any thing to do with the errand of Kitty. Then for the first time she called to mind the

rich promises of our Heavenly Father to the widow and the fatherless—for herself and children were almost this—and amid all her sorrows this was the first time Mrs. Munson's thoughts ever went in sincerity heavenward, and in the depth of her bitter soul she was constrained to say,

"O God, help, for all other help has failed! Is this, O Lord, a token from thee?"

Kitty had intended to bless the body; but the kindness she had shown was a message from on high; and though before her death—which occurred during the year—she gave no particular indications of a Christian faith, yet some words breathed in Kitty's ear, half confession, half prayer, gave promise that in her hour of trial she had learned to trust with a sort of faith in the God of the poor and needy.

Christmas all over, with its joys and its heart-burnings, its Christian charities and its frivolous revelries, two young women sat down in their separate homes on the next day to write to each other.

"Kitty, I have just returned from New York," said Maud Melville. "Attended, last night, the grand ball at uncle Fitzgray's. Grand time! Such brilliant attire! Diamonds! Richest dresses! What fine music! Heavenly dancing! Splendid young men! You ought to have been there. And yet, Kitty, I suppose you do not care to hear of these things. I think you told me you never attended but one ball. At first, when I think of it, I am disposed to call you a foolish girl. For a whim you deprive yourself of all the pleasures of society. Yet after all, in my sober moments—for believe me I do have sober moments—I am almost inclined to say you are right. Are you happy? I am not. I looked forward to that party with expectations of the greatest pleasure; but for some reason—I can not tell why—I am sad. I do not know but something I saw has made me jealous. How foolish! I have the heart-ache, blues, ennui, hypo, whatever the name is, and am writing to you to ease the pain. What is there in the gayety of the dance after all to give pleasure? I confess, with all its glitter I feel sad in the ball-room. And I am to go again New-Year's. Hope to find more happiness then. You remember that song sung at your Rockville meeting by Mr. Brown last year, when I was at your Church. I seem to hear its plaintive music ringing in my ear every time I enter the ball-room:

'No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly thought or worldly fear,
If life so soon be gone.'

"But adieu."

"Dear Maud,—I have been trying a new way to spend Christmas," said Kitty in her letter, "and am so delighted with my day's work I thought I must let you know of it. Did n't know but you would like to come up and spend New-Year's in the same way. 1. I had an exhilarating sleigh-ride. 2. Visited many happy pious poor; felt so much comfort to hear them talk in their simple, trusting way. 3. Visited suffering poor. Felt so thankful for my cheerful lot in life. To-day am so pleased with my day's work must let you share my joy; hence this letter.

"Yours."

A SABBATH AT HOME.

IT was a lovely Sabbath morning in Summer, and when Nelly's mother opened the window, she could see, as she lay there on her little white bed, the blue sea with all the sunshine on it, making the snowy sails gleam like the wings of sea-birds, and she could hear the musical dash of the surf on the pebbly shore, out beyond the willow-trees, and the happy songs of the robins in the orchard. And Nelly lay still, looking and listening for several hours. She had been very ill, and though the pain was all gone now, she was still quite weak, too weak to stand alone; and she felt too tired to have her brothers come into the room. Her father only staid a moment to kiss his little girl's thin, white face, but her mother was never away long, though too busy to remain with her every moment.

At length the church-bells rang, and Nelly heard the front door close, and then the house was so still that she knew that her father and the children must have gone to Church. Perhaps her mother had gone too. A feeling of loneliness came over her, and her eyes filled with tears which she was not strong enough to resist. But just then her mother came in, and Nelly looked up, half-surprised.

"Why, mother, are you not going to Church?"

"No, indeed, darling! I shall stay and take care of my little daughter."

Nelly gave a long sigh of relief and comfort, whispering, "I am glad!" and closed her tired eyes, and slept.

When she opened them again, an hour later, her mother was still there sitting in her little rocking-chair, and reading the Bible.

"Mother," said Nelly, softly, "won't you please sing and pray, and preach me a short sermon, as if we were in Church?"

Her mother consented, and began the service by singing, in a sweet, low voice, that pretty hymn called, "The Child and the Angels." When it was concluded, Nelly whispered, "We sang that last Sunday in Sabbath school, and while you were singing I could see dear Miss Carleton and the girls; I could see them in my heart, you know."

Then the mother kneeled beside the bed and gave thanks that Nelly was so much better, and prayed for her, and for Miss Carleton and her class; and asked the dear Lord Jesus to be present with herself and Nelly as they read his Word, and spoke together in his name.

Then she sang, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," and as she sang she sat looking at that dear little pale face before her. It looked very sweet and gentle, and inexpressively precious to her. What a comfort it was to see that restful, happy look, instead of the expression of pain and suffering which had grieved her so deeply! She lay very still, her brown eyes hid by the blue-veined eyelids, and her hair lying in moist, dark rings upon the pillow.

When the hymn was ended, the mother read how the Lord Jesus went to see a little girl who was very sick—so sick that she did not live till he reached the house, but lay there dead when he came. He took the little cold, lifeless hand in his, and said, "Arise!" and the dead face brightened with life, her eyes opened, and she rose as he bade her, and stood beside him with her wondering and rejoicing parents.

Nelly's mother stopped a moment, for her eyes were full of tears, and she could not speak. She was thinking of last Friday night, when Nelly's fever was very violent, and they feared that death was near. At last she said, "Darling, the Lord Jesus came here as you lay ill. We could not see him as these parents did, but we knew that he was here. Your father and I had called him; we prayed with all our hearts that he would come and heal you. And he came; he cured you, and comforted our hearts; and now you are getting well. How kind, how good he is!"

"But, mother," said Nelly, "if he had not come to make me well, would he have come to take me home with him?"

"Yes, dear," her mother answered, and a little silence followed. Nelly was thinking, with wonder and awe, of the untold journey to the land that is very far off. Her conception of it was mostly derived from pictures, especially those in the beautiful edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*, down stairs, and from hymns, fragments of which floated through her mind as she

thought how strange it would have been if she really had been to-day in the Celestial City—"Beautiful Zion built above," in sight of the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," "the radiant dome," the "Eternal City's gorgeousness," "the streets of shining gold."

But her mother was thinking of the pain, the parting, the silence, the grave, the lonely house, the broken circle. Death seemed a different thing to the child, who looked fearlessly beyond it to the heaven of whose glory and blessedness she had heard and sung so often, and to the mother whose heart and home it would have left so desolate.

"We felt that we could not spare you, darling," she said; "and the dear Lord has given you back to us. Besides, should you not love to do something for him before you go to live with him? Should not you like to do some good in the world, and serve the Savior here where laborers are needed?"

"Yes," whispered Nelly, opening her eyes with a sudden smile, and closing them again, without further remark.

"Nelly, will you live for this? Do you give yourself to Jesus, to serve and obey him? Will you try to use the life he has given back to you for his service, trying every day to please him in all you do?"

"I mean to," said Nelly, earnestly.

Then the mother prayed that Jesus would accept the offering of that young heart, and take away its sin, and save it. And, rising, she kissed the child with a kiss which was a very tender and loving benediction, and left her, to go about her household duties.

And Nelly went to sleep again, and slept till her mother brought her dinner, which reminded her of the child whom Christ raised from the dead, whose mother went at his direction and brought her something to eat.

Her mother thought of it, too, and felt that her returning appetite was a sign that the Good Physician had indeed been there and wrought a cure.

After dinner Nelly lay quiet a long time, looking out over the sea, and thinking of her morning service. When her mother returned she asked:

"Mother, what is a Christian?"

"One," she answered, "who has given his soul into Christ's hands that he may save it, and has given his life to Christ that he may order it; one who can truly say, 'Christ is my Savior, my Master.'"

After a thoughtful pause, Nelly repeated, softly:

"My Savior! my Master!"

"Is he your Savior, Nelly?"

"Yes, dear mother. He saved sinners. I have asked him to save me, and he will."

"And is he your master?"

"Yes; I will obey what he says always, always!"

Such was Nelly's resolution, and she did not forget it. A few weeks restored her accustomed strength, but did not change her resolve. When she thought of her sinfulness, she raised her heart to Christ, saying, "My Savior!" and so beheld "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world;" and when she thought of faults to be corrected, and duty to be done, she said to him, "My Master!" trusting his promised aid in the performance of all the work he gives his servant to do. And so over all her life extended the sweet and holy influence of that Sabbath at home.

CATCHING A BUTTERFLY.

IT was early on a Summer morning that little William went running into his father's garden to gather a nosegay of pinks and stocks from his own flower-bed, as a present to his mother, for it was her birthday.

Just as he came into the garden, he caught sight of a butterfly, which was settling first on one plant and then the other.

His mother's flowers were soon forgotten, in the boy's eagerness to catch the butterfly.

At first he followed it with light steps, and in a stooping posture, that he might come upon it unperceived. But his longing increased with every step, and the further it flew away the more beautiful the color of its wings appeared. At last it flew to a little fruit-tree, which was just in blossom, and settled there. This tree was close to William's flower-bed, and the little tree itself had been given him by his father. For this reason he was very fond of it, as well as because it was so small and so beautiful.

But as soon as he saw the butterfly resting on the bloom, he rushed quickly toward it, and struck it so violent a blow with his hat, that all the blossoms fell off the tree, and two branches were broken.

The boy looked down in dismay at the branches which had fallen at his feet, and then discovered that he had trampled down all his hyacinths, and pinks, and stocks, and that the butterfly lay dead and shattered on the ground.

And William had to return to the house, crying, and in great trouble, without either butterfly or flowers, a picture of youthful gayety which runs eagerly after every pleasure.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

FAMILY WORSHIP.—Not a few Christians who desire above all things that their children should serve the Lord neglect the best means to secure that result. They pray for them, are careful to have them attend Sabbath school and public worship, and occasionally exhort them to seek the Lord. What more can they do? They can maintain a Christian atmosphere at home. The experience of the Church proves that no influence equals home religion in converting children to Christ. And the most fit and potent expression of family religion is in family worship every day. The reading of the Bible and prayer daily when children are growing up is like the perpetual sunlight, changing and renewing the hearts by gradual, silent progress.

Let parents read and kneel before the Lord, have all the children kneel, from smallest to greatest, and they acquire a reverence and love for the Savior that will make them feel that a household without prayer is heathen, vulgar, intolerable. They love their parents and revere their superior wisdom, and when, from early childhood, they see them bow and pray, they come to regard prayer as an essential part of daily life.

But in order to do this the worship must be regular and devout, and the whole family engage in it. Some families are not careful to have the children present when they worship. This is very wrong. The children, above all others, are benefited, and should always be present. Some do not teach the children to kneel during prayer, and hence they awkwardly sit in their seats while the parents kneel. This is a sad mistake. If they do not kneel they naturally suppose they have no part or lot in the devotions, and soon feel that it is wrong for them to bow before the Lord. We have seen many cases where grown-up sons and daughters have never bent the knee before the Lord, and thought it wrong to kneel till they were Christians. In this way they were made more shy and stubborn, and felt that there was an impassable barrier between them and Christ. This feeling is wrong and unnecessary. If family worship had been rightly observed they would have felt that they were very near the Savior, and would easily be inclined to give their hearts to him. Indeed, children thus trained seldom grow to maturity without becoming practical Christians.

NEATNESS IN DRESS.—We are almost inclined to think that every person, and especially all young persons, should be encouraged and expected to dress themselves with some degree of fresh care during the

after part of each day. It may cost a little time—it certainly should not be allowed to cost much—but it will be apt to increase a person's self-respect and that comfortable feeling of being allied and equal to the better part of the social world, which is so desirable for all, and especially for the young. Not long since a lady, whose ideas were thought by many to be above her circumstances, would insist on all her children dressing for the afternoon neatly though plainly, but never remaining in their morning attire. To wash, to arrange the hair, and always to be dressed in the afternoon, not for company, but for home life, became a habit of all the young people of that house from childhood, not without some remarks from less painstaking neighbors. At last one of the children, a bright but rather self-willed girl, remarked, "I think we all feel so much more inclined to be orderly and good when we are dressed for the afternoon." This remark, made casually to the mother, was, she said, an abundant reward for all the extra trouble and care of the arrangement.

It is not expensive, but rather economical than otherwise to pay this sort of attention to dress. A little extra washing which it may cost is nothing to what is saved by the habitual carefulness not to soil one's clothes. The sloven is the most extravagant, generally speaking, of any one in dress. So, also, the time that it may take is nothing compared to the habit of order, of system, and of having a time for every thing. It promotes self-respect and pleasant, social feelings. The man, woman, or child who feels habitually worse dressed than near neighbors will be apt to shrink from society and behave awkwardly and strangely in it. This will make others shrink from them, and produce a sort of warfare and antagonism most undesirable, and sure to check the flow of those benevolent and social feelings which are the source of the purest and best earthly joys, and much of all our usefulness. For all this a person must have no thought, or care, or pride of wherewithal they are clothed while in company.

There are some would-be philosophers who can not see the reasonableness of all this. Let them watch the effect which the Sunday attire has, especially upon the working portion of society, when parents and children all have time and do dress for the Sabbath school, the Church, or the quiet walk, or the family fireside. Does not all this produce greater mutual respect among the members of the same family, among neighbors and friends, greater self-respect in nearly all, and a quiet contentment and enjoyment of existence, most of all things conducive to order and im-

provement? Let those families who neglect all such habits be observed, and they will almost uniformly be found disorderly and wasteful of far more the cost of attending to such matters.

GOOD ADVICE.—Dow, jr., in a recent sermon, gives the following very excellent advice to the young ladies of his flock: The buxom, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed lass who can darn a stocking, mend trowsers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk cows, and be a lady withal in "company," is just the sort of a girl for me, and for any other man to marry; but you, ye pining, moping, lolling, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens.

The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraints, more kitchen and less parlor, more exercise and less sofa, more pudding and less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. Loosen yourselves a little; enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion; breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become as lovely and beautiful as the God of nature designed.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD HIM.—Ah, these children, little witches, pretty even in all their faults and absurdities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit. He has shaken his long curls over his deep-blue eyes; the fair brow is bent in a frown, the rose-leaf lip is pursed up in defiance, and the whole shoulder thrust angrily forward. Can any but a child look so pretty, even in its naughtiness? Then comes the instant change; the flashing smiles and tears as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses! They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen, tumble about his paper, make somersets over his books, and what can he do? They tear up newspapers, litter the carpets, break, pull, and upset, and then jabber unheard-of English in self-defense, and what can you do for yourself? "If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see." He does have a child, and his child tears up his paper, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose like all other children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing. He is like every body else. "A little child shall lead him."

IMPURE WORDS.—Beware of impure words. Filthy conversation is a fruitful means of corruption. It is a channel by which the impurity of one heart may be communicated to another. And we know who hath said, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Words are an index of the state of the heart. Hence says Christ, "By thy words thou shalt be condemned; for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." There are those whose conversation is filthy and disgusting. Parents should guard their children from such. They should themselves avoid every indelicate expression, and check the first appearance of any such thing in their children. Avoid foolish talking and jesting. Children, let your words always be pure.

WITTY AND WISE.

WANT OF MATERIAL.—A celebrated divine in the west of Scotland tells the following story: While one day taking his usual walk he happened to come on a little boy busily engaged in forming a miniature building of clay. The doctor, always fond of conversation with children, at once began his interrogatories as follows:

"Well, my little man, what 's this you 're doing?"

"Making a house, sir."

"What kind o' a house?"

"A kirk, sir."

"Where 's the door?"

"There it is," replied the boy, pointing with his finger.

"Where 's the pulpit?"

"There," said the boy.

The doctor, now thinking he would fix the sharp-eyed boy, again asked, "Ay, but where 's the minister?"

The youngster, with a knowing look to his querist, and with a scratch of his head, again replied, "O, I have na enough o' dirt to make him."

A RARE BOOK OF TWO VOLUMES.—The late King of Prussia once sent to one of his aiddescamps, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterward he met the officer and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I sent you?"

"Excessively, sire," replied the colonel. "I read it with such interest that I expect the second volume with impatience."

The king smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraven upon it: "This book is complete in two volumes."

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—An Englishman traveling in the south of Ireland overtook a peasant traveling the same way.

"Who lives in that house on the hill, Pat?" said the traveler.

"One Mr. Cassidy, sir," replied Pat; "but he 's dead, rest his soul!"

"How long has he been dead?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, your honor, if he lived till next month he 'd be dead just twelve months."

"Of what did he die?"

"Troth, sir, he died of a Tuesday."

A CHILD'S FAITH.—A child's faith in his mother is well illustrated by the following incident: A little boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed, "It is true, for mother says so; and if she says so, it is so if it ain't so."

RATHER COOL.—A philosopher writes to a tailor, who had failed to get ready his wedding suit: "It was no serious disappointment, only I should have been married if I had received the goods." That man will never be seriously disappointed.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE HOLY SEPULCHER.—"And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulcher, and departed." *Matt. xxvii, 59, 60.*

The author of "God's Handwriting in Egypt, Sinai, and the Holy Land," thus describes his visit to this sacred spot:

"I passed through a low, narrow opening in the wall, only large enough to admit one person at a time, into a small chamber ten or twelve feet square. This was the outer room or vestibule of the tomb, and is now called the "Chapel of the Angels," from the supposition that it was here the angel sat after having rolled away the stone. At the western side of this room was a low, narrow door, the opening to the tomb itself. Like Peter of old, I first stooped down and looked in; then bending nearly to the ground, and crowding through the opening, I was in the Holy Sepulcher! It is a small room, six feet one way and seven feet the other, and has a dome roof supported by marble pillars. Though this vault is said to be hewn in the rock, not a vestige of the native rock is to be seen. The floor, walls, and ceiling are all lined with white marble. Forty-two lamps of gold and silver, richly wrought, are suspended about this little grotto, kept continually burning, filling the place with a flood of mellow light, while much of the time the sweet fragrance of smoking incense fills the air. But what were all these things to me? Where was the place they laid him? A little couch or elevation of stone, about two feet high, runs along the right side of the tomb as you enter, now covered by a plain marble slab. As it was intended for the reception of the dead, on it, no doubt, the body of the entombed Savior was laid! What pen can describe the deep emotions that trembled in the heart and suffused the eye as I gazed upon the spot? Falling upon my knees, I leaned my head upon the marble covering, and poured out my soul in grateful adoration to God. I had promised my people I would remember them and pray for them when I stood on Sinai, and when I bowed by the tomb in the garden. Amid the sublime grandeurs of that mountain top I had stood, and there I had redeemed my pledge, and now that I had reached this hallowed spot, I was not unmindful of my vow.

"My visit was brief. A throng of pilgrims was coming and going, crowding the little sanctuary, and jostling against me. But I heeded them not. How much of the past—of the future—was crowded into the reflections of that short communion with the Son of God, as I bowed my head upon his tomb! I saw his mangled, bleeding form taken from the cross on yonder hill-side, and borne by his afflicted disciples to this lone receptacle of the dead. I saw the ponderous stone rolled to the door. I heard the tread of the watchful sentinels as they paced to and fro. What a weary and sorrowful Sabbath was that to the heart-broken and disconsolate disciples! With anxious

hearts the weeping Marys watched the approaching dawn, that they might come and embalm the body of their beloved Lord. But while night lay upon Olivet and Gethsemane, and sleep had hushed to silence the tumultuous city, this lone sepulcher of the dead was the last battle-field of the conquering Son of God. Here he grappled with Death, the last enemy of man, in his own dark dominions. The last stern conquest was over; the victory was won; Death was vanquished, and the prey wrested from his grasp. The victorious conqueror came thundering at the door of the tomb. An angel from the courts of glory answered to the summons. A greater than Pilate broke the seal, and rolled back the massive stone. The trembling, terrified keepers fell senseless to the earth. Who is this that comes forth from the contest, majestic in mien, glorious in apparel, his arm vested with the power of Omnipotence, and his eye kindled with the glory of heaven? It is thy God, O Israel! It is thy Savior, O Christian! The great question has been settled; life and immortality brought to light! A great highway has been opened from the portals of the grave beneath the everlasting gates of glory on high. 'O Death, where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

"My visit to the Holy Sepulcher was ended. I arose from my knees, and, leaving the marks of my tears upon the marble slab, I slowly and reluctantly turned away, but not as the bereft and sorrowing one who leaves behind the moldering dust of beloved kindred or friend. I left behind me, O rapturous thought, an empty tomb! I heard the soft rustle of an angel's wing, and a voice of unearthly sweetness whispered in my ear, 'He is not here; he has arisen;' and I turned and looked upward, and fancied, like Stephen of old, I saw heaven opened, and this same Jesus arrayed in the glory of paradise, sitting at the right hand of God."

CASTING BURDENS ON THE LORD.—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." *Ps. lv, 22.*

How many who sink under heavy burdens, or drag on with desponding hearts from day to day, might experience immediate relief, if they understood how to cast their burdens on the Lord!

A poor man was traveling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man passing by in his chariot took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load upon his back, and asked him why he did not lay it on his chariot. The poor man said that it was enough that he had been allowed to be himself in the chariot, and he could not presume to ask for more. "O, foolish man," was the reply, "if I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able to carry your burden?" Oppressed and anxious Christian, do you not see in this man your own unbelief and folly?

He who has accepted your person, and is your reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, expects you to cast upon him all your burdens and cares too, and he is able to sustain it. Has he not also said for your encouragement and comfort, "he careth for you?" Precious words; may we all experience the joyful relief they are intended to convey!

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR CHRISTIANITY.—"Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." John vi, 68.

Infidels should never talk of giving up Christianity till they propose something superior to it. Lord Chesterfield's answer, therefore, to an infidel lady was very just. When at Brussels he was invited by Voltaire to sup with him and with Madame C. The conversation happening to turn upon the affairs of England, "I think, my lord," said Madame C., "that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men of the kingdom." "True, madame, they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, my lord, can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose, madame," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to substitute any thing better in its stead; when they can, I do not doubt but in their wisdom they will readily adopt it."

"The religion of Jesus," says Bishop Taylor, "tri-

umphed over the philosophy of the world, the arguments of the subtle, the discourses of the eloquent, the power of princes, the interest of States, the inclination of nature, the blindness of zeal, the force of custom, the solicitation of passions, the pleasure of sin, and the busy arts of the devil."

Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel; but, on nice examination of the evidences of Christianity, he found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac addressed him in these or the like words: "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or other parts of the mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied, and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day, for they often speak of what they have never studied, and what, in fact, they are entirely ignorant of. Dr. Johnson, therefore, well observed, that no honest man could be a deist, for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity. On the name of Hume being mentioned to him, "No, sir," said he. "Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham that he had never read the New Testament with attention."

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

DISCOVERY OF A TEMPLE OF JUNO AT POMPEII.—Mention was lately made at the discovery at Pompeii of a temple of Juno, with more than three hundred skeletons. These remains, which crumbled to dust by degrees as they were brought to light, were those of women and children who had been buried beneath the burning ashes thrown out by the volcano at the moment in which a sacrifice was being offered up in a temple to the Queen of the Gods, to implore her to avert the terrible calamity which menaced the city. To the arm of one of those skeletons, which, from the rich jewels with which it was covered, is supposed to have been that of the high-priestess, was still attached, by a gold ring, a censer of the same metal filled with calcined perfumes. This vessel is of the form of those now used in the ceremonies of Catholic churches, and is of beautiful workmanship, and inlaid with precious stones. The statue of the goddess is one of the most magnificent relics yet found in that city; its eyes are of enamel, and on the neck and arms, as well as the ankles, are jewels and bracelets of precious stones of the most exquisite finish and elegance of form. The peacock placed at her side is almost entirely composed of precious stones. The tripod before the altar is, like the censer held by the high-priestess, magnificently-worked gold. The temple also contained lamps, artistically chased, of bronze, iron, silver, and gold; branches of foliage, vine stems, interspersed with flowers and fruit of the most beautiful form. The space around the altar is paved with splendid mosaics in excellent

preservation, and the rest of the temple is inlaid with small triangular blocks of white and purple agate. The spot on which the sacrifices were made is alone paved with marble. All the instruments used on the occasion were still lying on a bronze table, and the sacred vases were filled with a reddish matter, which is supposed to have been blood.

LITERARY MEN.—We often hear of the charms of literary society. We copy this very graphic summary of the conversation of literary men. The writer must certainly be the Wandering Jew or the oldest inhabitant:

"Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was neither taciturn nor satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray neither talked nor smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsocial and even irritable when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meager and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry.

"Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his nature silent and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so uninspired that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was master. Byron was unassuming and

reserved. Ben Johnson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox, in conversation, never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious, so also was Grotius. Goldsmith 'wrote like an angel,' and talked like 'Poor Poll.' Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt is 'like a pleasant stream' in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs."

OLD ORIGINS.—Confucius was a carpenter. Mohammed, called the prophet, was a driver of asses. Mehemet Ali was a barber. The Emperor of Morocco was a pawnbroker. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, was a surgeon in the garrison of Martinique, when the English took that island. Madame Bernadotte was a washerwoman of Paris. Napoleon, a descendant of an obscure family of Corsica, was a major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobacconist Creole of Martinique. Franklin was a printer. President Boyer was a mulatto barber. Oliver Cromwell was formerly a brewer. The step-father of Isabella, Queen of Spain, husband of Queen Christina, and brother-in-law of the King of Naples, was once a bar-keeper of a coffee-room. General Espartero was a vestry clerk. King Christophe, of Hayti, was a slave of St. Kitts. Bolivar was a druggist. General Paez was a cow-keeper. Vasco de Gama was a sailor. Columbus was a sailor. Astor, the richest man in the New World, before he came to be the proprietor of the Astor House, used to sell apples through the streets of New York. Joseph Bonaparte, before his arrival at New York, with all the silver, gold, and jewels of the crown of Spain that he was able to take with him from that country, was the King of Spain, etc. Louis Philippe was a teacher of the French tongue in Switzerland, Boston, and Havana. Catherine, the Empress of Russia, was a camp grisette. Cincinnatus was plowing his vineyard when the dictatorship of Rome was offered to him. A governor of the Island of Madeira was a tailor; and a minister of finance in Portugal was a dealer in bottles of Madeira wine. There are at present in Portugal and Spain several dukes, marquises, counts, viscounts, and barons, who formerly were cooks, tailors, barbers, cobblers, sweepers, and mulattoes.

The above few but remarkable facts of ancient and modern history, are enough for proving that men and women from the lowest class of society have attained power, eminence, insolence, and even thrones, crowns, and altars.

CLASSIC CARRIAGES.—In the days of the stern Romans, who looked upon carriages as an effeminate luxury unfit for a nation of soldiers, their use had, nevertheless, become so frequent, that five hundred years before the Christian era a law was proclaimed forbidding their use within a mile of Rome. The inference to be drawn from the terms of this edict is, that men never used them, for the prohibition only extends to those in which women rode. This law, like most of the sumptuary laws which have been passed at various

times, was ineffectual, and caused a great agitation, which brought about its repeal within twenty years.

Then coaches became more common than ever, and the paintings found at Herculaneum give the representation of them, in shape not unlike a post-chaise, and drawn by two horses, one of them mounted by a postillion. When the Roman empire was broken up by the barbarians, there ensued a long period of darkness and ignorance, during which carriages seem to have been altogether discontinued, at least, so far as domestic purposes are concerned, and the first mention we find of their reappearance in Europe is in the year 1294.

THE OYSTER.—Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shell, and swimming nimbly about, one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalculæ and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light resembles a bluish star about the center of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.

BATTLES OF THE REBELLION.—The number of battles fought during the late war is 252. Of these the soil of Virginia drank the blood of 89. Tennessee witnessed 37, Missouri 25, Georgia 12, South Carolina 10, North Carolina 11, Alabama 7, Florida 5, Kentucky 14, the Indian Territory and New Mexico 1 each. Once the wave of war rolled into a Northern State, and broke in the great billow of Gettysburg. Of the battles enumerated, 16 were naval achievements.

WHAT IS HEAT LIGHTNING.—The flashes of lightning often observed on a Summer evening, unaccompanied by thunder and popularly known as "heat lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder cloud beneath the horizon of the observer reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the case of twilight. Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, informs us that, on this point, he asked for information from a distant operator during the appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder-storm then raging fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.—*Prof. Henry.*

ARTIFICIAL COMB FOR BEES.—A Swiss invention has been introduced into this country, to aid bees in the formation of their comb. Narrow sheets of wax are imprinted by machinery, so as exactly to represent the dividing wall of comb between the cells. These strips are attached to the top of the empty hive, before the new swarm is put in, thus enabling the bees to go immediately to work, and also in guiding them in making the sheets of comb in the proper direction.

GERMANS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The number of Germans in the United States is said to be at least four millions; about one-eighth of the entire population. Of the whole number, 1,333,000 are Lutherans. The German emigration increases by tens of thousands every year.

Literary Notices.

REMINISCENCES, HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF SIXTY-FOUR YEARS IN THE MINISTRY. *By Rev. Henry Boehm, Bishop Asbury's Traveling Companion, etc. Edited by Rev. Joseph B. Wakely.* 12mo. Pp. 493. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—We heartily welcome the appearance of this long-expected book, and, though we have not yet had time to read it thoroughly as we intend to do, we know enough about it to cordially recommend it to our readers. Its venerable author, father Boehm, we have known and loved these many years. He is one of the oldest living preachers of our Church, if not the oldest; a relic of the past—a living link to connect us almost with the organization of the Church. Born on the 8th of June, 1775, he is now in his ninety-first year. He saw Robert Strawbridge, the apostle of the Church in Maryland, and has lived to see the last year of the first century of Methodism. He was the traveling companion of the first American bishop, and witnessed the ordination of those consecrated at the last General Conference. The book before us is made up of reminiscences gathered up from this long, and useful, and remarkable life. There is a singular propriety in its appearing just on the eve of the centenary of American Methodism. The book ought to find its way into every Methodist family.

SABBATH PSALTER. *A Selection of Psalms for Public and Family Worship. Compiled by Rev. Henry J. Fox, A. M.* 16mo. Pp. 236. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This "Psalter" is recommended by the compiler for use in the Sabbath services in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The selection embraces most of the devotional prayers of David and nearly all the psalms suited for public and social worship. They are designed to be read at the opening of public service, or immediately after the first prayer. They are prepared also with reference to the family altar. We can agree with the compiler that, "while it is desirable to avoid the formalism which too often grows out of services exclusively liturgical, it is at the same time desirable that the people should take some public part in divine service. They should at least unite in the singing of hymns, in the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, and in the reading of God's Word."

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND. *By Mrs. Cornelius. Revised and Enlarged.* 12mo. Pp. 254. Boston: Laggard & Thompson. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati.—The aim of this little volume is to furnish to young housekeepers the best aid that a book can give in the various departments of house-keeping. It is a book already deservedly well known, and now appears in a revised and enlarged form. It has one feature that commends it above many similar books; that is, that its instructions and receipts "are arranged with special reference to those who have neither poverty nor riches," by far the largest class in

our country. Adapting her book to this large class, she endeavors to give, principally from her own experience, such directions as will enable a housekeeper to provide a good and healthful table, or, if desired, a handsome one, at a moderate expense." It is an excellent and useful book.

THE HUNTINGDON: or, *Glimpses of Inner Life.* *By Maria Louise Hayward, author of "The Caverly Family."* 16mo. Pp. 306. Boston: Graves & Young. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a beautifully-written story. Its style is clear, plain, and forcible; the tale is perfectly natural and true to life; it beautifully illustrates the power and charm of a true Christian life in winning others to the service of God. It is affecting and interesting throughout—the kind of fiction that we are willing to see in our family and in the Sabbath school.

EXILES IN BABYLON: or, *the Children of Light.* *By A. L. O. E. Seven illustrations.* 16mo. Pp. 326. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—The well-known initials, A. L. O. E., are *prima facie* evidence that any book on which they stand is a good one for youth. Her style is simple, natural, and always attractive; her books are always pure, interesting, and instructive. These may be said of the book before us. It is an attempt to draw some practical lessons from the history of Daniel and his associates in the captivity of Babylon; and yet it is not a dry detail of facts, but in a very interesting manner the lectures on the "Exiles" are interwoven into the web of an interesting story from modern life. It is the right kind of a Sabbath school book. It is beautifully bound and illustrated.

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS: *A Tale of Ancient Rome. Illustrated.* 16mo. Pp. 202. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—There is a great deal to be learned from this little book about the hardships, dangers, and sufferings of the ancient Christians. It is the story of a boy-martyr, and his experience leads us back to the days when Christians had to conceal themselves as well as bury their dead in the dark caverns of the catacombs.

MARY WOODMAN AND HER GRANDMOTHER; or, *the Story of a Girl who Wished for a Little More.* *Three illustrations.* 18mo. Pp. 121. New York: Carlton & Porter.—This is marked No. 277 of the Sunday School Library. A good little story.

MAPLE GROVE STORIES. *Series II. Eight volumes.* 24mo. *By June Isle.* Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. *In a neat paper box.* \$2.50.—This is a second series of interesting little books for little boys and girls somewhat more advanced in years and knowledge than those for whom the first series was intended. The stories are: The Little Gleaner, The Children's Post Office, Garden Lessons, Where is Rosa? Killing the Giants, James

Rogers, *Under the Vine and Under the Snow*, and *Babble Brook*. They are very pretty little books.

THE APPLE OF LIFE. By Owen Meredith. *Small quarto*. Pp. 35. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. Paper, 25 cts.—This is another of the "Companion Poets for the People." "Owen Meredith" is the *nom de plume* of Robert Bulwer Lytton, one of the best poets of the present age, and *The Apple of Life* is one of his best poems.

SONG OF THE RIVERS. By Emily T. B. Bennett. 12mo. Pp. 262. New York: Dexter & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. \$1.25.—We have not had

time to examine this poem with any care, and are unwilling to venture an opinion on any book of poetry without having done so. We shall recur to it again.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, September, 1865. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. An able article on Mill's Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy, one on Carlyle's History of Frederic the Great, another on the Autobiography and Works of Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, and a well timed article on Sensational Novels constitute the leading contents.

BELIAL. A Novel. No. 257 of The Library of Select Novels. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Editor's Table.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.—We have reached the end of another volume. It is the time for retrospect—glance back through the seven hundred and sixty-eight pages of the Repository which have passed through our hands and gone out during the past year to enter into about 30,000 families, and, perhaps, into the hands of 50,000 readers, we feel deeply the responsibility that must attach to the furnishing of this large amount of reading matter to so large a family of readers. Perhaps but few of our readers really appreciate the amount of reading that is furnished to them in the course of the year. The statement may seem almost incredible, yet it is a fact ascertained by actual printer's measurement that one volume of the Repository contains an amount of reading matter equal to eight duodecimo volumes of over 400 pages each! When we remember that almost every line of this has passed under our editorial supervision, and that we have decided on the question of its fitness and propriety to be presented to our readers, and that, perhaps, as much more that we have not been able to use, has undergone the same examination, we not only feel thankful that we have been, by the blessing of God, conducted through the labor, but still more that the same blessed Helper has enabled us to succeed as well as we have in presenting to our readers so large an amount of reading—pure, chaste, elevating, varied, and fresh.

We by no means feel perfectly satisfied with our work. We most heartily wish it was better done. We think of many things we would have been pleased to do if we could. But in reviewing the past year we feel a good conscience that we have done the best we could, and find nothing in our pages that we feel inclined to strike out. We have earnestly labored to realize our ideal of presenting in the Repository a family magazine worthy of the great Church under whose sanction it is published, containing matter adapted not exclusively to our lady readers, but to all—to the minister and the layman, to the man and woman of work as well as of literature, to the old and the young, not forgetting even the "little ones," containing matter adapted to nourish the soul in piety, to store the mind with knowledge, to beguile

the weary hour with pleasant reading, and now and then to amuse the fancy with cheerful wit. We have not reached the perfection at which we aimed, but we have approximated so near as to inspire us with thankfulness for the past and hope for the future.

We have several classes to whom again we express our gratitude. First to our readers, whose images are before us many times during the year as we attempt frequently to form a mental picture of the thousands of families into which the Repository receives its monthly welcome. Thank you, dear readers, for your continued patronage, for your patient and charitable acceptance of our imperfect efforts to make the Repository what you would like it to be, and to many of you for the cheerful and encouraging letters you have sent us. We have received many such this year, and would have liked to answer them and to give some specimens of them in our pages. But this was impossible. We have not received one complaining or dissatisfied letter. While we present to you the parting words of the closing year, we confidently hope to greet you again in the opening number of the new year.

We have been favored with a large amount of offerings from our long list of contributors, all of which, of course, it was impossible for us to use. Your generous pens gave us more material than we could crowd into even the spacious columns of the Repository. We could therefore do nothing more than use our best judgment in selecting for our pages. Doubtless we have sometimes failed and erred in this, yet we have labored impartially and honestly to discharge this part of our duty. It is very clear that no one is more interested in making the very best selection than is the editor, and if he has failed in making the selection it certainly can only be attributed to an error of judgment and not to any personal or unworthy motive. We are specially grateful to our contributors, and specially careful in treating their contributions, knowing how largely we are dependent on them for our success. We hope we shall be permitted to welcome your manuscript offerings for the new volume, and we renew our promise to do the best we can.

To our brethren in the ministry we owe much for their kind words and good offices in extending the

circulation of the Repository. We thank you, brethren, for maintaining our case so nobly when a year ago we were compelled to increase the subscription price. Again we make our appeal to you, and earnestly request one general effort not only to keep up our list to the present number, but to advance it far beyond. Why should not the Repository have a circulation of at least 50,000? In a Church whose membership is one million, we have most probably two hundred thousand families represented. Is it a large estimate when we claim that the only family magazine of the Church ought to reach at least one-fourth of our families? Remember, brethren, you are our only agents and only medium of communication with the people. If you fail to bring the matter before them we have no other agency. We thank you for the past, and confidently trust to your efforts for the future.

THE PRICE FOR ANOTHER YEAR.—The publishers, after a most careful and anxious examination of the whole question, have just now informed us that they must either bring down the Repository in the character of its embellishments and the quantity and quality of its contents, or must continue the present price through another year. We can not consent even in these times of high prices that the Repository shall lose any of its beauty, or shall depreciate in the character of its engravings, or fall from the high standard of its literary merits. In this we feel confident that our thousands of patrons will sustain us. We are just now passing through a trying ordeal. The Repository in its present form, with its superior engravings, its fine paper, and its mechanical perfection, is a costly kind of magazine to publish. We could produce a magazine at very much less cost to the publishers, but it would no longer be the Repository. We could change its form, we could procure much cheaper engravings, we could use inferior paper, we could select a cheaper literature, in a word, we could give up our position as "The Queen of the Monthlies" and fall to a third or fourth-rate magazine. We could then issue it for a much less price. The temptation to do this is strong in a financial view; but then we are satisfied that our subscribers would be grieved to see their favorite monthly coming to them disrobed of its beauty and elegance.

If it were possible to maintain the present form and character of the magazine and at the same time reduce the price, most gladly would both publishers and editor do this. But at the prevailing prices of paper, labor, engravings, etc., this is altogether impossible. It is only left, then, either to modify the character of the Repository or maintain the present price. We are convinced that we will better please our patrons and subserve the future interests of the Repository by continuing the price as it is for the present, and maintaining the high character of the magazine, hoping that in a short time we will have passed through the present pressure and will be able to come back toward the old prices.

To you, BRETHREN IN THE MINISTRY, we present an earnest request that you will stand by us through the present difficulty, and that you will take the *most efficient measures* for keeping up and increasing our circulation. If possible, attend to this work *person-*

ally; if not, enlist the services of your wife or of some of the active sisters of your charge. Let not only the *whole society* but the *whole neighborhood* be canvassed for subscribers. We have good evidence that many outside of our own Church would be glad to take the Repository if an opportunity were given them. Believing that we are acting for the best under the present necessity, we hopefully commit our cause to the agents and patrons who have been so true and faithful to us in the past.

THE NEW VOLUME.—Having adopted the policy indicated above, we are making extensive preparations for the new volume. The year 1866 is to be a memorable one in the history of American Methodism, and we purpose that the Repository shall have a large share in preserving and reflecting the great deeds of the Centenary year. We have been for a long time engaged in having a plate prepared for our first number that we know will be most welcome to all our readers, and which will be a beautiful illustration of a hundred years of Methodism. We believe that the engravings of the first number will be almost worth in themselves the subscription price of the magazine for the year. Throughout the year we shall give much attention to gathering up facts illustrative of our Church history, and will give in each succeeding number A CENTENARY RECORD, containing the doings of the Church through this memorable year, and which will be of great value for preservation in this permanent form. No Methodist family can afford to do without the Repository next year. We will still retain our large list of well-known and favorite contributors, and are prepared to introduce some new ones that will be welcomed by our readers. The services of the best artists in the country, such as Messrs. Buttre, Hinshelwood, Wellstood, and Hunt, of New York, and our abiding friend, F. E. Jones, of Cincinnati, are retained for embellishing the new volume. We are confident the Repository for 1866 will in no respect fall behind its predecessors.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We present to our readers the portrait of Rev. Thomas Carlton, D. D., one of our New York publishers, and accompany it with a sketch by Rev. Dr. Reid, of the Western Advocate. We have secured this portrait and sketch under difficulties. We knew that we had to do it without the knowledge of our friend the Doctor, who, we felt, would protest against it, as one of the publishing agents of the Repository. But we were determined to show him up, and we could not afford to wait long enough for him either to die or to retire from his present position. Fortunately both the artist, Mr. Jones, and the author of the sketch, Dr. Reid, have long and intimately known him, and we have ourself enjoyed a long and valued acquaintance with him, so that among us we have successfully caught our friend, stamped him, and sketched him in spite of himself. There he is; in the portrait you have the veritable Dr. Carlton, and in the sketch you have all we dared to say without consulting him, which we could not do. Our beautiful landscape speaks for itself. It is from a fine picture by J. M. Hart, an artist well known to our readers, in possession of J. A. O. Ward, Esq. Mr. Hinshelwood has put it on steel for us in magnificent style.



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December, 1865.

No. 12.

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